

"The  
Taller"











“The  
Cattler”

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

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Who have assisted the  
: : "Tatler Board" : :  
this book is gratefully  
dedicated by the Class  
of 1909.

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## Greeting:

It is the purpose of the Class to make the "Tatler" a mirror of student life in the days of 1907-08, reflecting their fun, labor and accomplishments.

And when those days have slipped away, may this volume be a token of remembrance which will serve to recall the joys and friendships, the rivalries, defeats and triumphs at the Alton High School.

The  
Catler



Board

MARINE  
9-1918

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## **Fifth Annual Meet**

**Of the Madison County High School Association, held  
at Collinsville, May 10, 1907.**

There is an old Maxim, "If you sow an act, you reap a habit;" this was never more clearly illustrated than in the Madison County meet of 1907. In 1904, our victory was so overwhelming that the other contestants worked early and late to win a few of the honors the next year, but in 1905, the result was much the same. The way in which the Alton men seemed to win with no apparent effort on their part, had a tendency to discourage the other participants, and so, in 1906, as they were the guests of our sister city, Upper Alton, out of courtesy to her, it was deemed best to sacrifice the pennant for one year. We loaned it to Granite City, just to keep up interest in the competition, but like most kind and generous deeds it was easier to repeat the next time.

A little undue carelessness caused this to happen the second time, when on the sixth of May, 1907, the various high-schools of Madison County assembled at Collinsville for their fifth annual meet. Everybody looked forward with highest anticipation to the time when we should once more compete for the banner which hung so long in the hall of our predecessors. When the great day arrived, the whole High School turned out bright and early, and hurried down to the City Hall, each afraid that he would be left behind. There were several extra cars to carry the Alton delegation, and after much good-humored pushing and crowding, we boarded and the journey was begun. Here was one time and place when the athletes had the best of it, for everybody was determined that he should have seats, and even women and girls exchanged places with them and rode standing.

Everyone was so busy that we reached Edwardsville in what seemed a very short time, and as we passed through, we did our best to impress the inhabitants of this burg with the importance of Alton High School. But soon we continued on our way, accompanied by the Edwardsville rooters in another car, and, arriving at a "settlement," which the conductor called Collinsville, we descended at our destination amid a general storm of yells and tooting of horns. Many of the enthusiasts went to the opera house to hear the intellectual contest, which began almost immediately after our arrival, while others strolled around the village, finding here and there scattered individuals who wore other colors than the good old red and gray. This seemed to denote that some other of the numerous colonies of Madison County were represented. The track team, however, retired to the so-called hotel, waiting for the afternoon when they would perform.

Noon had not long departed before the great crowds began to make their way to the place where the athletic program was to be held. There was plenty of cars running to the grounds, which were about a mile out, and we were soon transported "to the fairgrounds," we were told, but we found when we descended from the car, that we had to walk fully a quarter of a mile, through some good farmer's wheat field before we arrived on the scene of action. It was near

the end of this excursion that the first race took place, and, as it was the only one not on the program, it was also one of the most exciting, and everybody without shelter took part in it. That was the sprint to get under cover when it began to rain. All stood waiting until the storm ceased, under anything that would afford a protection to their "glad rags," lamenting the fate that had sent rain at such a time, but soon the shower stopped, and the sun came out, leaving the track in very little worse condition. The officials quickly called the fifty-yard dash, and the great battle was on.

Allen for Alton, remembering the defeat of the year before, won in a walk from Dial, the Granite City man, although he thought that, as in former years, they were running in heats, and this was just the first heat. The time was 5 3-5 seconds.

Then came the shot put. That seventeen year old boy Howe, threw for Granite City, and, although he thought that he was playing baseball when he picked up the shot, he put it only 44 feet, 3 inches.

The 440-yard run was now called, in which Paul ran for Alton. It was the fault of the crowd that he did not do better in this, but before the race was over, the spectators swarmed out on the track, and, getting in front of him, prevented him from making his usual whirl-wind finish. Beatty of Granite City, took first place with the remarkably slow time of 58 seconds.

L. Enos represented Alton in the pole vault. This statement tells the whole tale for who does not know what will happen when Enos enters the field? It hardly need be mentioned that he won the gold medal, clearing each height with the first attempt, at no time hard pressed by any competitor. The Granite City man, Varnum, the invincible (?) had to content himself with second place, although Enos had to go barely 10 feet, 2 1-2 inches to win.

The next event, the 100-yard dash went the way of all the races in which Allen was concerned. He covered the ground so fast that in 10 4-5 seconds he had distanced the second man, Dial, of Granite City, more than 10 feet. The third man to straggle in was the Madison representative, Baker.

Louis Enos is also noted for his kindheartedness, and, as this was the first meet in which he had yet appeared, he had not acquired that callousness of heart, which his brother before him displayed in taking all the gold medals. Besides had he not one gold medal which H. M. L. might wear? This explains why he relented, when he saw the looks on the faces of the other men who competed in the standing broad jump. Snadden, who jumped 9 feet, 6 inches, was permitted to beat him, much to the delight of the "Collinsvillians."

In the hurdle race, the judges seemed to have forgotten that they were officials, for although the rules governing this event were violated, nevertheless it was ignored, and on account of this negligence, Prince did not do himself justice. Varnum, the Granite City man, won this event in 15 2-5 seconds.

Varnum won the high jump, the height cleared being 5 feet, 4 inches.

The half mile came next, Union's second race. Almost halfway around the course, the Granite City man was in the lead, Upper Alton second and Paul close behind him, when the Upper Alton man turned and saw a smile of discouragement on Paul's face—that is, a smile of discouragement for him, because at once Paul quickened his pace, overhauled Upper Alton, and would soon have overtaken Beatty, had the race been a little longer, but contented himself with second, after giving Granite City the scare of her life.

Neininger of Alton threw against Granite City's little fellow, Howe, in the hammer throw. Again, people wondered what was the matter with the judges, for they measured the distances with a very short piece of tape, and then guessed at the one who should take first. In looking over the contestants, they thought that Howe looked as if he could throw the farthest, so they gave him first, announcing the distance as 137 feet, and retired Neininger, who had never known defeat, to third place, much to the disgust of the onlookers.

We all knew what to expect when Stanley came out to run 220, although the Granite City rooters still deluded themselves into thinking their man could run. The contestants saw with sinking hearts that they were running against Allen, and their fears proved well founded for he ran away from them with ease, and won in 23.15 seconds. Dial, of Granite City, pulled down second place, with Baker of Madison third.

It had grown so dark for the running broad jump that nothing definite could be settled, but the official records say that either the Collinsville man, Snadden, or Parr, of Granite City, deserved the gold medal, and that the longest jump was 19 feet, 3 inches.

Late as it was, the half mile relay, consisting of four 220-yard dashes, was run, resulting in the first for Granite City, second for Alton, while the remaining point went to Collinsville.

The final score showed that Granite City had come off victorious, and Alton was again second, while Collinsville, Edwardsville, Upper Alton, and Madison brought up the rear of the procession in the order named.

Now we admit that Alton carried her generosity too far in allowing Granite City to carry off the banner the second time, but that school deserves much credit, as she worked herself up from last place in 1904, to the exalted position of honor in 1906 and 1907. The thing for us to decide is that we shall wish all others well, but see to it that Alton comes into her own in May when the great day again rolls around.—MARTIN PRISTOW.

### Official Score.

Intellectual		Athletic	
Granite City	15	Granite City	67
Alton	7	Alton	34
Collinsville	2	Collinsville	9
Highland	3	Edwardsville	9
		Upper Alton	8
		Madison	5
		Highland	0



# Events and Final Score.

## Intellectual.

### Essay.

John Pieper, Granite City, first.  
Ray Lippold, Highland, second.  
Eliot Richards, Alton, third.

### Oration.

John Beatty, Granite City, first.  
Edgar Stevens, Alton, second.  
Gayle Windsor, Collinsville, third.

### Declamation.

Gertrude Thomas, Granite City, first.  
Alice Morris, Alton, second.  
Ellie Ludwick, Collinsville, third.

## Athletic Events.

### 1. 50-Yard Dash.

Time: 5 3-5 sec.

1st. Allen, Alton.  
2nd. Dial, Granite City.  
3rd. McDon, Upper Alton.

### 2. Shot Put.

Distance: 44 ft. 3 in.

1st. Howe, Granite City.  
2nd. Bohm, Edwardsville.  
3rd. Ellison, Alton.

### 3. 440-Yard Dash.

Time: 58 sec.

1st. Beatty, Granite City.  
2nd. Baker, Madison.  
3rd. Paul, Alton.

### 4. Pole Vault.

Height: 10 ft. 2 1-2 in.

1st. Enos, Alton.  
2nd. Varum, Granite City.  
3rd. Griffey, Upper Alton.

### 5. 100-Yard Dash.

Time: 10 4-5 sec.

1st. Allen, Alton.  
2nd. Dal, Granite City.  
3rd. Baker, Madison.

### 6. Standing Broad Jump.

Distance: 9 ft. 6 in.

1st. Snadden, Collinsville.  
2nd. Enos, Alton.  
3rd. Griffey, Upper Alton.

### 7. 120-Yard Hurdles.

Time: 15 2-5 sec.

1st. Beatty, Granite City.  
2nd. Griffey, Upper Alton.  
3rd. Prince, Alton.

### 8. Running High Jump.

Height: 5 ft 4 in.

1st. Varum, Granite City.  
2nd. Schwartz, Edwardsville.  
3rd. Campbell, Upper Alton.

### 9. 880-Yard Run.

Time: 2 min. 15 sec.

1st. Beatty, Granite City.  
2nd. Paul, Aton.  
3rd. Sargent, Upper Alton.

### 10. Hammer Throw.

Distance: 137 ft.

1st. Howe, Granite City.  
2nd. Schwartz, Edwardsville.  
3rd. Neiningen, Alton.

### 11. 220-Yard Dash.

Time: 23 4-5 sec.

1st. Allen, Alton.  
2nd. Dial, Granite City.  
3rd. Baker, Madison.

### 12. Running Broad Jump.

Distance: 19 ft. 3 in.

1st. Parr, Granite City.  
2nd. Snadden, Collinsville.  
3rd. Gillham, Alton.

## Total and Final Score.

Granite City	82	Edwardsville	9
Alton	41	Upper Alton	8
Collinsville	11	Madison	5
Highland			3

## The Supremacy of the Pacific.

Up from the East sprang Progress; she hurried thru Babylon and Assyria, thru Greece and Rome and Northern Europe, paused for a moment on England's shore, then passed on to America. Today she stands on the brink of the Pacific, peering into the misty Orient. The world follows her course with breathless interest, and all eyes are now turned towards the Far East. The Pacific therefore holds the centre of the world's stage. No doubt exists in the minds of the men that on this broad expanse of water will be waged one of the fiercest commercial conflicts known to history.

What part will our country play in the great drama about to be enacted? In acquiring the Philippines, the U. S. established herself in the Far East. We have crossed the Rubicon, we have become a world power, and in so doing we have assumed new responsibilities. To withdraw now would be to sully our national honor. Whether we acted wisely in acquiring the Philippines may be doubted, but that American influence must remain paramount in the islands can not be ignored. The state's first duty is to its citizens, but its next duty is to the world at large. To be in a healthy financial condition, a state must have an outlet for its excess of natural products and manufactures. It must have new territory in which to invest its surplus capital. Look to the East, and behold the wonders that may be there wrought. Asia is the future market of the world, and it behooves us therefore to take adequate measures to promote our interests in that quarter. To sit idly by and watch the Eastern trade pass within our reach, yet make no effort to share in the golden harvest would be a blunder which we could never justly excuse.

This is to be a peaceful invasion of the Orient, yet we must prepare for the unexpected. As Washington said, "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." Nations have gone to war over less trivial causes than the rich trade at stake. No American can rightfully overlook the importance of adequate preparation. It is mutual fear, not mutual regard, that keeps the war dogs of the nations in leash, and too many of us rest secure in the belief that in time of need some inventive Yankee will come forward with a mechanical marvel that will wipe the opposing forces out of exist-

ence. The Spanish war showed two things, first the unpreparedness of the American forces, second, the lack of the so-called American genius. Did we win the war thru some marvelous invention? No, we won by the sheer, dogged courage of our men. Had our opponent been a stronger power than Spain, we should have had a farlorn hope indeed.

American indifference toward militarism is a vice rather than a virtue. Better that we bear the burden of a well organized force than sacrifice countless lives while hastily initiating untrained men into the arts of war. Better that we appropriate a few millions in times of peace than have a war drain our resources to the dregs. It is the same old story of the trained man against the recruit. On the gridiron, the track, in the prize-ring, or in war, the trained man always wins out. The civil war found us with two armed vessels to patrol a coast line of 600 miles. The Spanish war came as a thunderbolt to an unprepared nation. Now with 90 per cent of our armed forces in the Pacific, the Atlantic seaboard open to attack, with a mobilized force of only 5,000 troops available for service, with not a single vessel in the Carribean worthy of our great nation, the Venezuelan affair stands before us—a ghastly omen of what might happen. Shall we never learn by experience?

The key to the Pacific lies in a powerful navy. If in 1898 we needed a large navy, today we need one thrice as great. How can we expect a large merchant marine if we do not guarantee protection? How can we ask promoters to invest capital in the Far East if we do not stand ready to uphold their claims? Let us then build a powerful base in the Philippines, construct a line of coaling stations, increase the navy, encourage the merchant marine and embark boldly on the new policy of the United States. To speak further upon the importance of the Pacific is needless. There she lies, and there she will be until God rings the death-knell of the earth. Explore the resources of Siberia, gaze upon the mighty possibilities of China, look at undeveloped Africa and then ask yourself, will it pay to unlock this treasure house of the East?

And while thus advancing the interests of her own citizens, the U. S. will best fulfill her duty to the world. Already she occupies a unique position in the far East. Her actions must remain untinged with greed, must tend to uplift humanity. American blood has freed Cuba from iron-

and Spanish rule, America has given to the Philippines the first glimpse of freedom's rays. It was America that stayed the march of Europe's greedy kings and bade them leave China whole. America waved the magic wand which awoke Japan from her sleep of centuries. So will it be America's duty to lift the veil of seclusion from the "Celestial Empire," and lead her forth to her rightful seat among nations. May the stars, in our banner, shine forever as beacons of hope to the down-trodden, the stripes immortalize blood spilt in defense of justice and liberty. On land and sea, in court and assembly hall may the American flag stand as a symbol of justice and tranquillity, of peace, prosperity and progress. May she wave in triumph from a thousand ships on the broad expanse of the Pacific, for the supremacy of that sea means the leadership of the world.

LEE HULL.

### Just Before Exams.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother, dear;  
For I would see the sun rise, as examinations near.  
There's Latin, Lit, and Solid, I fear I shall not pass;  
For, alas! my mother darling, I'm the dumb one in the class.

There's John and Will and Jim who did not have to take,  
But the teachers at poor me their heads began to shake,  
Whilst they pronounced my doom in calm and careless tones  
Caring not for long drawn sighs or sounds of muffled groans.

I went to see the teachers to pump my grades up some,  
But, alas! 'twas all in vain for tho' I made things hum,  
They answered ne'er a word, but looked me up and down,  
And so compelled me to receive my marks with sigh and frown.

But, mother, if you only knew, I'm sure you would not scold,  
I've crammed and crammed till my poor head's grown cold;  
And anyhow I'm sure you'd think the finals all red tape;  
If you could go to school with me I'm sure you'd see the fake.

'Tis too late to pine so I must burn the midnight oil,  
And spend the evening hours in weary work and toil.  
For Latin, Lit and solid must receive their proper share,  
O! these tests are horrid, all one load of thought and care.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me e'er the day is born,  
For I must study half the night, and I'll fall asleep near morn,  
But I must see the sun rise as examinations near,  
So, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother, dear.

## A Plea for Enthusiasm.

Victor Cherbuliez, the French novelist, has put into the mouth of one of his characters, the sentiment: "My son, we must lay up a stock of enthusiasms in our youth, or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the wayside." And truly, enthusiasm is the one trait in which youth is superior to age; it is the only characteristic which we are more likely to lose than to develop as we grow older. Youth is inferior to age in knowledge, capability, judgment, skill; but, in enthusiasm, youth stands supreme. The child is by nature an enthusiast, and any training which tends to repress or crush this quality, does irreparable mischief. Why is it that the young man finds a hundred doors of opportunity open before him, while to his elder brother those doors are locked and barred? Because the youth is hopeful, energetic, unafraid; because he is interested in his work, proud of his importance "sublimely confident" of his own ability to advance it, because—in a word—he is enthusiastic.

The word enthusiasm comes from the Greek word "entheos," "God in" us, and originally meant direct inspiration from a god. It is an excitement of the mind, and an engrossment of the feelings in devotion to a belief, or in pursuit of an object; it means an ecstasy of mind, an energetic endeavor impelled by strong belief in the possibility of the ideal, and based on confidence in one's own ability to reach the goal. The man without enthusiasm is like a piece of driftwood, in the rushing course of a great river; he must depend upon stray currents for his destination. No matter how dull, or how wise, or how mean, or how noble a man is, if the spark of enthusiasm enters into his soul, he can accomplish things otherwise impossible for him. Faint-Heart and Little-Faith would gladly win the wreath of victory, but shrink from the dangers of the conflict. Behold what the enthusiast does! He looks beyond the daily routine, and sees raging before him the great battle of life. He makes his breastplate secure, through faith in God and humanity, and plunges into the midst of the struggle. His efforts are victorious. Why? Because he is protected by the armor of enthusiasm. Take away enthusiasm and you cut out the very heart of human possibilities.

Enthusiasm is the essence of success. "At the root of all success, whether it be spiritual or material, of all progress, whether it be up or down, of all wealth, be it fairly or falsely won, is enthusiasm." Every great leader has been thus inspired. Therefore he keeps on, hoping, believing and enduring, until he sees his work accomplished. Such a man was Cyrus Field, who first established electric commun-

cation between America and Europe,—an achievement which ranks second in importance only to the discovery of our continent. It was a terrific struggle which lasted for thirteen years, a period of anxious-watching and ceaseless toil. Think what that enthusiast must have suffered, as he paced anxiously back and forth upon the deck of the ship, in the beating rain and high gale. Think what he endured from public ridicule, while the unbelievers sneered at his project, and called the telegraph a stupendous hoax, because the first cable that was laid ceased to act. Think of the courage that could bear the terrible disappointment, when the second cable snapped in two, after twelve hundred miles of it had been laid. Surely, this great undertaking could never have been accomplished without an enthusiastic leader.

John Bosco, was a social enthusiast, who perceived a divine idea and proclaimed it to his countrymen. Although they laughed at his ideas, and called him a madman, he worked on, and with the labor of his hands, he established a home for little street waifs. In the fervor of enthusiasm he drew pictures of a great system of schools and hospitals which were to spread over the continent, and he lived to see these great things accomplished,—the result of his never-ending interest and untiring energy. When Haüy offered to teach the blind to read, he was confronted by "practical" men who laughed at his folly and called him "fool;" but no opposition or ridicule could discourage the man who was laboring to free the suffering prisoners of darkness. Consequently he achieved this seeming impossibility, and proved to his countrymen that his "absurd" enthusiasm was not mere folly after all. Thus the enthusiast accelerates the progress of the world, while the conservative keeps the world at a standstill.

No indifferent, apathetic man ever discovered the secret of the stars, or sailed to discover unknown lands, or opened the eyes of the heathen. The majority of the world's greatest philosophers, reformers, and men of action and achievement have been enthusiasts. True, enthusiasm is by no means the only element in successful effort, but it is an indispensable element. As common sense is the rudder and genuine effort the engine of the human craft, so is enthusiasm its propeller.

As the lesser enthusiasms fade and die, one should take stronger hold of the higher ones, for it is then that one sees in better perspective the things that need doing. It is thus possible to grow old as a "grand old man" like Gladstone or our own Mark Twain. Grand old men are those who have been grand young men, and carry still a young heart beneath old shoulders. When the heart is full it shows itself in action as well as in speech; when the heart is empty and one has no ideal in life, life is no longer worth living. Therefore, let

us fill our souls with noble ideals of knowledge, of art, and of action,  
and let us "lay up a stock of enthusiasms in our youth, lest we reach  
the end of our journey with an empty heart."

MAYME E. COLEMON.

### A Senior Prank.

One day not very long ago,  
Some Seniors made a plan just so;  
And when the Juniors left that day,  
These Seniors did behind them stay.

And when the room was very still,  
And they could do their work at will,  
They posted "'08" everywhere;  
On boards and pictures and a chair.

But when next morn these Seniors came,  
They found that all their work was vain;  
For the janitor had, in the night,  
Removed all posters from their sight.

They gnashed their teeth in silent wrath,  
At this unlooked for aftermath;  
And also felt some cold, cold chills,  
When B. C. lectured on POST NO BILLS.

J. W., '10.

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### Ye Freshmen.

I stood upon a mountain;  
I gazed down on the plain;  
I saw a lot of green stuff  
That looked like waving grain.

I took another look at it,  
I thought it must be grass;  
But goodness, to my horror,  
It was the Freshman Class!!

# Alton High School.

## Class of 1907.

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Class Day Program, June 13th, at 2:00 p.m.

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Music	Piano Duett
Margaret Mitchell, Bertha Roenicke.	
Class History	Margaret Radcliff
Music, "The Bird's Message"	G. F. Suck
Mildred Dixon, Mabel Uzzell.	Edith Volz, Eunice Nolan.
Oration, "The Value of Personal Character"	Edward Bassett
Class Poem	Edith Volz
Piano Solo	Grace Gaukrodger
Declamation, "Commencement"	Octa Darr
Oration "The Spirit of Martyrdom"	Mabel Uzzell
Vocal Solo "A Day in June"	Mildred Dixon
Class Prophecy	Emma Joesting
Class President's Address	Edwin Sparks
Music, "Serenade"	Gillet
Orchestra.	



# Class of 1907.

Commencement Exercises of the Alton High School, at the  
High School Auditorium.

Friday, June 13th, at 10:00 a.m.

Music . . . . . "Marche Russe"  
Orchestra.

Invocation . . . . . Dr. A. G. Lane

Music, "The Carolled Caves of Ocean" . . . . . *Smart*  
High School Chorus.

Salutatory . . . . . Lillie Frances Oben

Vocal Solo . . . . . "A May Morning"  
Edith Mabel Volz.

Address . . . . . "A Trinity of Power"  
Dr. L. G. Herbert.

Music, "One Summer Day" . . . . . *Beach*  
Mildred Amelia Dixon, Edith Mabel Volz.  
Mabel Eva Uzzell, Eunice Wuerker Sheldon Nolan.

Valedictory . . . . . Ethel Leigh Richards

Music—"Anchored" . . . . . *Watson*  
High School Chorus.

Presentation of Diplomas, by T. H. Perrin,  
President of the Board of Education.

Music "Pizzicati" . . . . . *Delibes*  
High School Orchestra.

*Benediction.*

## Senior Class Roll.

Carl Wesley Bassett,	Agnes Anastascia Kelley,
Edward Kingdon Bassett,	Moreland Drummond McPike,
Charles Wesley Beall,	Margaret Edna Mitchell,
Edward Percival Bell,	Geraldine Clayton Morris,
Laretta Minnie Bierbaum,	Alonzo Beda Neininger,
Virginia Bowman,	Lillie Frances Oben,
Lucy Maud Briggs,	Myrtle Katheryne Paul,
Octavia Viola Darr,	Chester Albert Pierce,
Edna Joyce Dixon,	David Prince,
Mildred Amelia Dixon,	Margaret Ruth Radcliff,
Edna Marie Dooling,	Theresa Cecilia Recher,
Alfred Olin Ellison,	Ethel Leigh Richards,
Mary Gertrude Gallagher,	Bertha Lorena Roenicke,
Grace Mae Gaukrodger,	Edward Milnor Sparks,
Kate Bernice Gillham,	Ashley Breckenridge Taylor,
Lemuel Gershom Gillham,	Lollie Agusta Trube,
Julia Dawson Green,	Sadia Eleanor Trube,
Anna Wilhelmina Horn,	Emma Elizabeth Unterbrink,
Edward Harrison Jacoby,	Mabel Eva Uzzell,
Emily Louise Joesting,	Edith Mabel Volz,
Jessie Louise Johnston,	Alice Susan White,

Eunice Wuerker Sheldon Nolan.

*Motto: "We strive for the highest."*



## **Honor Rolls.**

### **High Honor.**

No Demerits, and No Grade Below  
Excellent.

### **Honor.**

Not More than Three Demerits, and  
No Grade Below 85.

### **High Honor, Second Semester, 1906-07.**

Frieda Perrin,	Dorothy Dorsey.
Kathleen Heskett,	Fred Haerberle,
Lillian Marsh,	Edna Smith,
Hortense Rodgers,	Cordelia Stutz,
Tilton Wead,	Myrtle Boals,
Florence Kuhn,	Olefie Fredeking,
Johanna Masel,	Frances Harris,
Edith Browne,	Angelica Kaufman

### **Honor, Second Semester, 1906-07.**

Dorothy Blair,	Lenora Koch,
Blanche Cartwright,	Frieda Netzhammer,
Helen Chapman,	Alfred Bratfisch,
Harry Fuhn,	Laura Diez,
Grace Sheldon,	Harriet Forbes,
Edgar Stevens,	Ida Getsinger,
Martin Bristow,	Howard Glenn,
Mamie Coleman,	Mabel Neff,
Mamie Kelsey,	George Powell,
Hannah Kranz,	Josephine Webb,
Lela Logan,	Florence Weinden,
Nellie Mottaz,	Frank Yenney,
Lauretta Paul,	Rex Gary,
Edna Radcliff,	Ruby Russell,
Verna Warner,	Cora Wuerker,

## HONOR ROLLS, Continued.

### High Honor, First Semester, 1907-08.

Hortense Rodgers,	Angelica Kaufman,
Edith Browne,	Dorothy Browne,
Edna Smith,	Gertrude Kelsey,
Myrtle Boals,	Ruby McFarland,
Gladys, Fuller,	Joseph McMullen,
Olefie Fredeking,	John Ryrie,
Frances Harris,	

### Honor, First Semester, 1907-08.

Dorothy Blair,	Dorothy Dorsey,
Blanche Cartwright,	Harriet Forbes,
Lee Hull,	Mabel Neff,
Frieda Perrin,	Groves Smith,
Anna Raith,	Cordelia Stutz,
Grace Shelton,	Cora Wuerker,
Alma Green,	Gladys Bockstruck,
Kathleen Heskett,	Elizabeth Caldwell,
Mamie Kelsey,	Hermon Cole,
Hannah Kranz,	Carl Hartman,
Lillian Marsh,	Mary Moll,
Tilton Wead,	Frederic Norton,
Winfrey Gregory,	Mildred Rutledge,
Florence Kuhn,	Pearl Steele,
Johanna Masel,	Irene Tribby,
Frieda Netzhammer,	

# Piasa Quill.



## Editorial Staff and Management.

H. Wilmot Black	.	.	.	.	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
Mayme Coleman	.	.	.	.	<i>Literary</i>
Richard D. Sparks	.	.	.	.	<i>News</i>
Kendall Hopkins	.	.	.	.	<i>Athletic</i>
Carolyn Wempen	.	.	.	.	<i>Alumni</i>

## Business Managers.

Harry Johnston	.	.	.	.	<i>Business Manager</i>
Thos. Stanton	.	.	.	.	<i>First Assistant</i>
James Coleman	.	.	.	.	<i>Second Assistant</i>
Carl Hartman	.	.	.	.	<i>Third Assistant</i>



# Literary Societies.

## OFFICERS.

### Pushmataha.

Lee Hull, *President*  
Thomas Stanton, *Vice President*  
Imo Gillham, *Secretary*

#### *Sergeants at Arms.*

Winifrey Gregory, James Coleman,  
Leland Osborne.

### Illini.

Harry Goudie, *President*  
Hortense Rodgers, *Vice President*  
Joe Degenhardt, *Secretary*

#### *Sergeants at Arms.*

Stanley Allen, Kirk Mook,  
Marcus Taylor.

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## The Contest.

On April 17, 1908, a battle was fought between the tribes, Illini and Pushmataha. It was not a contest for physical prowess, with bows and arrows as weapons, but was of an intellectual nature wherein were used essays and declamations. The braves of the two tribes were not so eager to fight when they learned of the new method, so in true Indian fashion, they left the squaw to do all the work. Tilton Wead was elected chief of the Illini in the essay fight, while Mayme Coleman was chief of the Pushmatahas. The battle raged fiercely for about twenty minutes and it was decided by five palefaces that the Pushmatahas had fairly earned the essay. Then came the fight with declamations as weapons. The Illini thought surely they would win with Josephine Waldrip as chief, but the Pushmatahas were equally as certain of victory with Alice Morris as their chief. Again the battle raged, but, alas! the palefaces again decided in favor of the Pushmatahas, and the Illini sadly departed with their warriors, leaving the Pushmatahas victors of the field, but they fiercely resolved that they would win in the next battle.

## Greetings from the University of Illinois.

I felt surprised as well as honored when I received a letter from the editor requesting me to write an article for the '08 Tatler, concerning my university experiences.

I might well begin by defining my position and the position of almost any Freshman entering the University of Illinois. In the first place, you are a Freshman, usually a certain obnoxious kind, in the next being a Freshman, you are supposed never to have "been no where" and never to have "seen nothing;" in the last place, you must never presume to anything before an upper class man, a "Soph." in particular. A thing that impressed me with wonder was the rapidity with which an "old man" could distinguish a Freshman. I had never thought that I displayed all the greenness that was in me, but I was soon convinced that I did.

But to get down to my subject. The editor suggested that I might compare university life with high school life. To begin with, in the Engineering College, to which I belong, the Freshmen have eighteen and nineteen hours, the first and second semesters, respectively. An hour is defined as two hours of study, and one of laboratory work per week. But the recitations that you are supposed to prepare in the two hours, never take less than that, and in the case of mathematics, a five hour study, often four or five hours are required, unless a fellow is what is styled here a "shark." The rest of the eighteen hours are taken up with draughting or shop work, where we put in the full three hours, for one credit hour. Then there is "military," and I think any man who has matriculated at the University of Illinois, would approve of whatever favorable comments I might make about it, especially after an hour and a half such as I have spent this very afternoon. Wearing a very heavy tight-fitting military uniform and carrying a sixteen pound Krag rifle with accoutrements, I chased myself with eight hundred others around a field until we were hardly able to amble home.

Now if I were to stop here, you would set me down for a pessimist, so I shall tell you also of the fun we have. It starts about the first week of school when some Freshman takes a bath in the "Bone yard," an evil smelling and looking little creek that makes its way through Champaign and Urbana. I shall digress a minute to tell you how the university came to be founded at Urbana. When the State Legislature asked for offers of land and money from counties which wished such an institution, Urbana sent her offer, with a picture of the grounds. Thru the grounds wended a magnificent stream; on the stream floated a big ship, this stream was the Bone yard on paper, while in reality the creek is the size of the one that flows by the C. & A. tracks at home, though fouler a thousand times. The "Sophs" ascribe the foulness of the waters of the Bone yard to the fact that



every Freshman bathe therein. But this is not the truth, this year at least.

Then comes the "Procs" big yellow posters pasted on everything by the "Sophs" and "Freshies" reviling each other in many languages; also the painting of numerals on houses, barns, and walks. This class fight ends to a great extent in the color rush that comes off in the middle of October. About that time, or even before, the celebrating of football victories by all the men together has formed a sort of bond between the two lower classes where most of the rivalry exists.

Through the winter there is little doing, but spring brings base ball, track work, tennis and last and best the interscholastic tie, that is, the event we reckon every thing to and from. There is a rumor that the "Sophs" have made the assertion that every Freshman absolutely must have a Bone yard bath before he becomes a Sophomore, and these big doings are to add to the excitement of the interscholastic week, so I still have something to look forward too, for so far I have escaped the slimy creek.

In ending I wish to say that this university life is a great life, and I sincerely hope that every Senior who possibly can will go to college, and I ask them to come to Illinois, for there is a true song that we sing here which has for a chorus:

"Sing a song of college days,  
And tell me where to go—  
Northwestern for her pretty girls,  
Wisconsin where they row;  
Michigan for chappies,  
Purdue for jolly boys,  
Chicago for her Standard oil,  
For good fellows, Illinois."

ASHLEY TAYLOR, '07.

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It is now two years since I graduated from Alton High School, and tho the time has seemed short, I have noticed with pride the steps which have been taken to make the school one of the best of its kind in the state. Life at the university is quite different from that at high school. The students, being away from home and thus in a certain way dependent upon themselves, become self reliant and enjoy certain liberties which are not allowed in high school. There is no assembly room as at high school, all of the studying is done in the students room, and the buildings are devoted almost entirely to class rooms, laboratories and offices.

The recitations begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and, excepting an hour at noon, continue until four o'clock in the afternoon. The student has an average of from five to six hours of recitation or laboratory every day, and the rest of the time can be spent as he deems best.

In the evening the time is usually occupied in preparing the lessons for the next day, and it is often eleven or twelve o'clock before the work is completed. The majority of the students have classes on Saturday morning, but the afternoon brings joy and freedom from work until the following Monday morning. So much for the studies, but all work and no play is not considered a good motto, and so there are various kinds of "play." Athletics occupy a prominent part in the life here. Of course only a few of the students are star athletes, but the others all help to win the victories by their unfailing support of the team, whether it be winning or losing. In fact "Illinois" has gained the reputation of having the most loyal band of "rooters" in the west. There are numerous lectures and assemblies during the year, at which can be heard some of the most prominent speakers of the country. Dancing is the most popular social pastime, and is conducted under the supervision of the university authorities. Such is a brief outline of the student life at the University of Illinois, and the training gained here is invaluable later, when fighting the battles of life.

A. L. JOHNSTONE, '06.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman,"  
Florence Kuhn.

"I'm bashful and afraid of girls," Nelson Schweppe.

"Stand and unfold yourself," Harold Curdie.

"High School Bureau of Information," Elden Betts.

"Much learning shows how little mortals know," Joseph McMullen.

"I's Wicked," James Wilson.

"Oh! dear! How these bows do tickle my chin!"

Said a coy Senior girl one day,

The boys looked askance,

Then jumped at the chance,

"Oh! tell us, fair maid, now, which way?"

### Shakespeare's Prophecies.

FOOT BALL: "Then you and I and all of us fell down," *Julius Caesar*.

THE BICYCLE: "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first,"  
*Henry VIII*.

THE AUTOMOBILE: "The spirit of time shall teach me speed,"  
*King John*.

ROWING: "Good words are better than bad strokes," *King John*.

—K. M.



## Ein Glückliches Entkommen

Fritz und Bertha waren auf dem Weg ihre Großmutter zu besuchen und Bertha freute sich weil sie ihren neuen roten Sonnenschirm mitnehmen durfte. Fritz, der immer galant war, trug denselben um seine Freundin gegen die brennende Sonne zu schuetzen.

Sie gingen langsam entlang, bis sie zu einem Kreuzwege kamen, wo sie stehen blieben um zu ueberegen, welchen Weg sie einschlagen sollten, den laegeren, den man gewoehnlich betrat, oder den naeheren der ueber eine Wiese fuehrte.

Sie entschieden sich, den letzteren zu nehmen, und kamen bald an eine Mauer, welche die Wiese einschloz, und sie kletterten hinuber. Bertha sah eine Gruppe Blumen, und lief schnell voraus, um sie zu pfluecken, waehrend Fritz ihr langsam nach folgte.

Als sie sich eben bueckte um eine Blume zu pfluecken, sah sie in kurzer Entfernung hinter einem Gestraech einen Bullen, der sich mit lautem Gebruell und gluehenden Augen auf sie struerzte.

Bertha stand vor Schreck wie fest gewurzelt da. Wilde Gedanken durchfuhrten ihr Gehirn. Sie sah sich schon zu Boden geworfen und die Hoerner des Ungeheuers tief in ihren Koerper gebohrt. Sie sah wie mit senktem Kopfe, aufgeblachten Neustern, und schweren Atem naeher und naeher kam.

Fritz uebersah die ganze Scene in einem Augenblick. Schnell wie der Blitz kam der Gedanke an den roten Schirm. Er oeffnete ihn und schwenkte ihn wild ueber seinen Kopf, und schrie so laut wie er nur konnte, um die Aufmerksamkeit des Bullen auf sich zu ziehen.

Als der Bull den roten Schirm erblickte, stuerzte er einen Moment, und stuertzte dann auf den Schirm zu. Jetzt kam der entscheidende Augenblick,—er beduete Leben oder Tod fuer Fritz. Die Erde erzitterte unter seinen Fuessen, schon fuehlte er den-heizen Atem ds Ungeheuers auf seiner Backe, noch einen Sprung, und alles waere vorueber.

Aber Fritz warf mit wunderbarer Geistesgegenwart den Schirm dem Bullen gerade ins Gesicht, und waehrend dieser weuthend den Schirm in tausend Stuecken zertrapelte, sprang Fritz geschick ueber die Mauer, wo er Bertha halb ohnmaechtig vor Angst auf dem Boden liegen fand.

F. A. F.



## Pictures from Life.

A storm was brewing in the cabin of Aunt Chloe. The pickaninnies realizing the fact, escaped to the river for a swim, and, as she washed pots and pans, and swept the floor of her neat cottage, Auntie delivered a long lecture to the sleek kitten that sunned itself in the doorway.

"Yes," she began, "Aunt Chloe dun knowed dat dere was sumthin' on his mind, and evah since he came home from de north last summah he peered to want to do nothin' but sit by de ribber an' dream, dream, dream, an' now he hab left his crops to a know-nothin' over-seeah, an' am gone to de north to git married."

The kitten dozed peacefully by this time, and the clattering of pans drowned Aunt Chloe's continued mutterings. When her work was ended, she donned her brightest kerchief and sat in the doorway, gazing absently over the beautiful fields of this modernized Louisiana plantation. Yet Chloe could not see the beauties of the summer sunset, for her heart was filled with bitterness. She thought of the many tourist parties that had crossed the plantation. The vision on her mind was that of haughty, sneering, blue-eyed northern girls, who, with their nasal tones, gray laughter, and saucy little black cameras had visited her cabin by the river bank.

"Elinor," she murmured, "yes, dat am de name ob de wife Marse Walter will bring here." This was the last, worst stroke, for of all the hated tourists, a big blue-eyed "Elinor" was the most detested. For had she not picked the cherished rose from the little box in Auntie's own window, and did she not then take a snap-shot of the old Auntie, trembling with rage and shaking her fist at the rude amused intruder?

Aunt Chloe's heart swelled almost to bursting. Again she recalled Walter, the handsome, motherless, gray-eyed boy who loved his old colored nurse. She thought of the times when he had come to her with his boyish griefs, and had sobbed himself quiet on the ever-ready refuge of her kind old breast. Then she could see the youth who gaily returned from a northern school, and who always made a speedy visit to her cottage. She pictured him as he now was, tall and dark, with expressive gray eyes and polished manners, but with ever a kind word for the dear old mammy of his childhood days. By this time, tears trickled slowly down Chloe's face and rage gave way to grief.

What a change would come over the plantation when the northern bride came! There would be no more moonlight dances in the darky quarters. No more would Walter visit her little cabin, scattering sugar plums to the children by the doorway and speaking to her with tender fondness.

The sun by this time had sunk in the west, and the glad voices of Annie's grand-children could be heard, as they leaped up from the river bank and came merrily trooping home.

For the few days following, Aunt Chloe's goodness astonished the other darkeys on the plantation, and the cause was not explained to them, until the night, when, with the glare of lights at the old mansion Walter's home-coming was announced, and a young dandy, bounding from the old negress' cabin, was promptly hushed when he volunteered a description of the new mistress.

Such miserable days for Aunt Chloe, moodily keeping out of her young master's sight, wearing her eyes dim with weeping, and listening nightly, in a crouched position by the willows for the voices of the happy young couple as they rowed down the placid river. Aunt Chloe's eyes would gleam with suppressed hate when the silvery laughter of Elinor rang over the silent waters. Truly pathetic it seemed—the happy young couple and the neglected, grief-stricken old colored mammy watching them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seated in a hammock on the broad veranda of the mansion is Aunt Chloe; in her lap, gleefully clutching with its dimpled fingers the bright ends of her scarlet kerchief, is a baby girl, who gurgles and chuckles at the story that the old nurse is repeating to her.

"You pretty lamb!" she is saying, 'twas jus' dis time two years ago wen yo' ol' mammy was a sittin' a grievin' herself 'cause her little boy Walter dun got married, and one day when she was a sittin' in her doah, Mister Walter he came up with his wife, an' says he, "Elinor, dis here an Aunt Chloe." An' she, yo' blessed mother, honey, she put her arms around my neck and kissed me and sez, like de angel she is, 'I want you to like me an' to be good to me like you been to Walter.'"

Aunt Chloe's eyes become dim at the remembrance of that happy day, and she holds the babe closer. "Yes, Baby Dorothy," she adds, "you will hab the same blue eyes and pretty curls an' kindly ways dat yo' mother hab got, an' bless de Lord! you will hab the same sweet soul!"

—BESSIE GREEN.



Elinor and Her Saucy Camera.

# School Calender.

## September.



3. "Hang out our banners on the stately tower!  
It dawns at last the long expected hour!"

4. Kendall has discovered that his hair makes a lovely pompadour. How the girls all envy hair that stands alone.

5. Those poor Freshmen are so timid that Mr. R. is compelled to escort them to the drawing room.

6. Does 'ou miss 'our recess, 'ittle Freshie?

10. Miss Wempen explains that the floor is the place for feet.

13. Friday! A catastrophe! A Junior falls down stairs!

16. Great amusement. A Freshman raises his hand in the Assembly room.

17. Miss W. advises the members of her classes to keep their feet from the backs of the seats.

18. Two Freshmen actually have courage enough to visit a Junior friend.

19. Miss W's. classes are ordered to keep their feet on the floor.

20. "A word to the wise is sufficient," but the Sophomores do not become wise and demerits are given for using the backs of the seats for foot rests.



23. The Girls' Chorus is organized.

24. First test. A Freshman to teacher in charge of Assembly room: "Are we allowed to study before tests?"

25. The Freshmen look very sad as some of them get V. P. in their tests. They will soon become used to that.

26. Tests come thick and fast.

27. The first reports are made out.

## October.



2. We get our much looked for and longed for reports.

3. Those reports have a good effect—less noise and more work.

4. Frank Stowell visits the Junior section.

7. Verna W. has company.

8. Frank S. goes visiting.

9. Did you see "Teddy" go down the river?

10. V. W. gets a box of candy.

11. Frank visits back of the transverse aisle.

14. The Junior section is again visited by Frank.

15. A mouse! A mouse! Which is more frightened the mouse or the Senior girls?

17. We are shown how beautiful our teeth are by a number of dentists who give us a free lecture.

18. The dentists in town grow rich.

21. We receive charts showing what is the trouble with our teeth.

23. A Freshman girl catches her heel and lands in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

24. The School Board seriously considers putting in an elevator. Everybody watches for the balloons.

25. Fern forgets to fuss with Mr. Watson.

29. Mr. Watson sees stars on the gridiron.

30. Edith B. laughs aloud.

31. A Sophomore girl falls down stairs and breaks her arm.

## November.



1. Fern neglects to fuss about her Physics.

4. Hazel E. arrives on time!

5. Nelson finds that all the girls like Kendall's pompadour.

6. Nelson wears his hair in a pompadour.

7. Martin joins the pompadour club.

9. Alton vs. Jacksonville.

12. Clark decides that wearing the hair parted is somewhat tame and appears with a pompadour.

15. Mr. Ash Davis, the cartoonist, gives the first number on the High School Lecture Course.

18. All the foot-ball players are crippled from the game with Carrollton.

19. Kendall wears his hair parted.

20. Kendall prefers a pompadour.

21. The bulletin boards are decorated with cartoons advertising the game next Saturday.

22. Another cartoon.

23. The cartoons are a hoodo. No game.

26. The Freshmen find great amusement in swinging the globe in room 7.

27. "Who says 'Turkey' in this crowd?"





## December.



2. The electric light bulb is removed from room 2.

3. The second number of the lecture course is given by "Concert Favorites."

4. Large attendance, almost everyone recovers from his Thanksgiving dinner.

7. Alton vs. Bunker Hill—28-17.

11. The foot-ball boys are rewarded for their good work by receiving High School "A's."

13. Eulah Sheets takes a fatal glance at an A. H. S. boy and sinks to the bottom of the stairs.

16. 'Aint it a shame that Mr. Watson has a broken ankle.

17. "Keep off the grass," B. C. R.

18. Nina speaks about the time of the "osculation" of a pendulum. How nice.

19. No smiles. It is announced that school will continue until the day before Christmas.

20. A red letter day. The literary societies are organized.

23. An epidemic of chills. Everyone goes home.

24. The first public program is given. The orchestra makes its first appearance.

## January.



6. Resolved, to get no more demerits.

7. The teachers wonder at our good behavior.

8. All resolutions are now broken.

9. Jaclyn drops Geometry.

10. Jaclyn decides to take a trip.

13. Class rooms are cold as blazes.

14. A Senior girl appears in a white sweater bearing a red M.

15. Girls' basket-ball game. Alton vs. Upper Alton—33-2.

16. Mumps are introduced.

17! The girls defeat the ladies of the faculty at basket-ball.

20. A member of "The Sons of Rest" begins to cram.

21. A "crammification epidemic" spreads over the entire school.

22. The Freshmen are initiated into taking finals.

23. Rev. Geo. Stuart lectures on "Lop-sided Folks."

24. The finals end. What a relief!

27. Sounds of "Aint she cute" are heard as the new teacher appears.

28. The Juniors follow the example of Addison and Steele and decide to edit a "Tatler."

29. All envy the Freshmen who have the new teacher.

# February.



3. The basket-ball girls and boys feast with Nell McCrea.

4. All basket-ball boys wear their hearts on their coats.

5. Mumps! Mumps! More mumps.

6. Ernest Netzhammer proceeds to cripple a perpendicular by drawing a line through its foots.

7. The girls that bring their lunches find that there is no place like the "Gym." for dancing the barn dance.

10. Mumps! A Sophomore the victim this time.

11. Everybody imagines that he is taking the mumps.

12. Overheard in the "Gym."—One, two, three, kick; one, two, three, kick; one, kick; two, kick; three, kick; four, kick.

13. W. B. to J. W.: "Say, how many times does that sign go around when it goes around once?"

14. The Freshmen put valentines in each other's desks.

17. The girls become experts at tripping "the light fantastic."

18. With chattering teeth and frozen feet we prepare our lessons.

19. A red letter day. The Glee club starts and many of the boys are conceited enough to think that they can sing.

20. Another red letter day. The Piasa Quill is issued for the first time.

21. Washington's birthday is duly celebrated. Do you wish that you had never told a lie? Frank M. Chaffee lectures on "Lean Folks."



24. The boys start practising for the track.

25. Mr. Watson in Physics, "What is sublime? It is too bad that Miss G. was not there to tell him.

26. Two Freshmen dance the barn dance before a recitation in room 6.

28. The Literary Society is very anxious to know what the red bag in the Freshmen section contains.

## March.



2. A gray bag appears in the Freshman corner.
3. The Sophomores find that Anne Hathaway is one of Shakespeare's contemporaries.
4. An exciting time in the Algebra Class. Will George M. throw any more crayon?
5. See how tired the Seniors are. The poor things stayed up all night just to raise their flag.
6. A pompadour! A pompadour! My kingdom for a pompadour! Elliott Taylor succumbs.
9. The Geometry pupils prove that B. C. stands over A. H.
10. A Junior girl in the library: "I have looked and looked, but I can't find Silas Marner's works."
11. Mr. Watson's Geometry class studies its lesson so hard that he gives many a vacation.
12. A brilliant question is asked by a Freshman, "Did Pierce die after he was president?"
16. Kathaleen H. on being asked what color is, gives no response. Everybody looks her way—the answer is perfect.
17. Freshmen are in style. Miss F. appears dressed as one of the daughters of Erin.
18. The effects of St. Patrick's day in Miss McCarthy's English class "I sat the table and then set down to eat."
20. We are informed that everyone carrying a rake will get a free ride to the park.
23. Mr. Haight appears in a new suit. Great Sale—Rais—25.
24. Pompadours, pompadours here and there,  
Pompadours, pompadours everywhere.
25. The Chicago Glee Club gives a concert, "A-e you a Goat?"
26. Weather fine. Physics A. goes star-gazing. The dog editor of the Quill resigns.
27. The sport editor resigns. My! aren't the Sophomores proud, one of their members has a gold medal.
30. The Snake editor jumps his job. Edward J. decides to become a prohibition cartoonist.
31. Edward continues his favorite pastime. The Physics class poses for its picture.

## April.



1. Walter Smith is informed that he must not take boxes from the girls' desks. Mr. Watson sees many papers on the floor. Alton High vs. Y. M. C. A.—26-10.

2. The editor of the Quill cannot find anyone able to take his place so decides to sacrifice himself again.

3. Harvey H. appears at the Oberammergau lecture accompanied by three fair damsels. My, how bashful!

6. Numerous knocks are heard in the building.

7. The Seniors succeed in making the janitor very angry by putting up their '08 posters.

8. The Juniors put out a Senior who has the nerve to come to their class meeting.

9. A red letter day. We are introduced to "silent demerits."

10. Everyone goes down town to get a ginger bread man.

13. 1<sup>2</sup> has its first class meeting.

14. Startling information is given by Fred McPike—"Southey wrote Noah of Ark."

15. The Geometry class has an extra study period.

17. A red letter day. A contest between the two Literary Societies, and the Illini is left in the lurch.

22. The school is astounded at eloquent speeches from Stan Allen and Harry Herb. The basket-ball boys receive "A's."

24. A red letter day. We sing a new song during the morning exercises.

25. Alton has a meet with Bunker Hill and comes out far ahead.

27. Another red letter day. The Juniors start to work on their play.

30. The "Tatler" goes to press.

## MAY.





# The Class of 1908.

Colors: Dark Blue and Gold.

Motto: "We build the ladder by which we rise."

DOROTHY BLAIR .....	Historian
KATHYRN HANAHAN .....	Prophet
EMILY HOPPE .....	Poet
LEE HULL .....	Orator
HELEN CHAPMAN .....	Declaimer
GRACE SHELTON .....	Declaimer
BLANCHE CARTWRIGHT .....	Salutatorian
FRIEDA PERRIN .....	Valedictorian

VIRGINIA HARRISON

Whose name belongs on the Senior Roll, left school  
during the Second Semester.

DICK SPARKS, President.  
*Lady's Delight.*

MARCUS TAYLOR, Vice- Presi-  
*Lady Slipper.*

HARRY HERB, Secretary.  
*Herba Impia.*

HELEN CHAPMAN, Treasurer.  
*Ever-Blooming Rose.*

STANLEY ALLEN.  
*Spruce.*





LORENA BAUER,  
*Swilax.*

VESTA BAUER,  
*American Beauty.*

WILMOT BLACK,  
*None Such.*

DOROTHY BLAIR,  
*Blazing Star.*

BLANCHE CARTWRIGHT,  
*Sage.*

LULU COYLE,  
*Baby Rambler.*

FLORENCE DAWSON,  
*Wild Rose.*

NETTIE ELBLE,  
*Bitter Sweet.*

LOUIS ENOS,  
*Johnie-Jump-Up.*

MARGARET GALLAGHER,  
*Trumpet Flower.*



NINA GASKINS,  
*Spring Beauty.*

HERBERT GILL,  
*Climbing Moonflower.*

HARRY GOUDIE,  
*Gas Plant.*

BESSIE GREEN,  
*Ever Green?*

NELLIE GREEN,  
*Violet.*

MILDRED GWINNER,  
*Sugar Plum.*

KATHRYN HANAHAN,  
*Kiltarny Tea Rose.*

HENRY HARMS,  
*Good King-Henry.*

LILLIAN HASELTON,  
*No-e-So-Pretty.*

EMILY HOPPE,  
*Poet's Narcissus.*





LEE HULL

*Poplar.*

HARRY KUHN.

*Jack-In-The-Pulpit.*

JACOB LIPSKY.

*Forget-Me-Not.*

MARIE LUER.

*Wax Plant.*

NELLIE McCRAE.

*Balsam (Ball Some)*

MAMIE NIXON.

*Eyebright.*

VICTOR NUTTER.

*Matrimony Vine.*

AMELIA OBERMUELLER.

*Daisy.*

FRIEDA PERRIN.

*Oncidium Ornithorhynchum.*

ANNA RAITH.

*Primrose.*

LILLIAN RICE,  
*Chinese Lily.*

VIVIAN RICE,  
*Brown-Eyed-Susan.*

ALEX ROBERTSON,  
*W ait-A-Bit.*

GRACE SHELTON,  
*Touch-Me-Not.*

THOMAS STANTON,  
*Tom Thumb Nasturtium.*

GERTIE TEMME,  
*Innocence.*

PAULINE TONSOR,  
*Sweet Pea.*

MINNIE VOGEL,  
*Larkspur.*

CELINE WEBB,  
*Japanese Morning Glory.*

LELIA WITT,  
*Queen of the Prairie.*



## The Class of '08.

Listen my Children and I shall relate  
Some facts concerning the class of '08.

If there be any member of the Senior class who is a candidate for the asylum, I can readily assure him that his election is close at hand. That is—if our present trials do not diminish. Even as the green t of Freshmen our brightest hopes and highest ambitions were of the time when we would be dignified Seniors! Oh! the bliss of such ignorance. The fact is, our Senior life is far less sublime than we had pictured it. Of course we are the pride of the school, especially of the teachers, but somehow the honor and respect we had looked forward to, is lacking. Alas, it is the Freshmen alone who envy us. Would that their eyes might be opened sooner, for truly they might now be making hay while the sun shines.

Probably this is a little hard on the upper class, but their joys really are few and far between. Of the virtues, however, sheer lack of space and not of material, keeps me from enumerating them.

Follow this routine of a Senior's daily life, and then judge for yourself.

6:00 A. M., rise, dress, cram your head as full of Latin as possible, usually the average Latin brain consumes about ten lines, then proceed to the breakfast room and salt this down thoroughly. Return again to your Latin, hunt around about an hour for a certain rule for the dative case, get mad, fire your book—well, anywhere out of sight. Then look into space for the next half an hour. By this time the clock has meekly meandered around to 8:30 and you come to your senses at hearing mother tell you it is high time you were at school. More than likely she gazes fondly after you, probably thinking of the fact that you are spending your happiest days.

Nerve isn't it! The next twenty minutes are really the happiest part of the day for then the school is actually given time to talk, laugh and "cut up" as much as you please.

9:00 A. M.—Morning exercises.

9:15—Study period. It's a shame to say it, but a Senior must indeed return once more to that dear, dear Latin. The only thing that can break this awful monotony is Mamie's arrival with a box of fudge. Such luxuries, however, are seldom.

9:30—Another study period. This period is devoutly spent in the preparation of a Physics lesson, which usually consists of five or six pages of text and incidentally about ten problems. Now I would like to inform you that these problems are the only real spice of Senior life.

10:30—Physics recitation. It is during this period that most of our dendrites are formed. Need I explain?

11:15—Latin recitation. We walk sedately in while "drawing a sigh from the depths of our hearts" and "wonderful to say," "our voices stick in our throats and our hair stands on end." This is a fact.

12:00—Nothing doing.

1:15—The joy of all joys—German recitation. Now on account of its mysteries this German by us very much worshipped is. It makes no difference what a German says, he must say it backwards, and the farther back he gets, the better, just so he ends up with haben sind guvesen gehabt haben guvorden sein. Now really doesn't this make a sentence look aristocratic?

1:45—English recitation. Was any one ever barred from this class, Yes? No?

2:55—Sh-uh. The Seniors are all asleep the last hour.

3:30—Released. And the next day it rained.

—K. C. H., '08.

## WHY?

On my way to school one morning  
This is what I chanced to hear,  
In regard to the queer fashions  
Which exist this present year.

"I've been wondering why the maidens  
Are now trying to look slim.  
Tell me what you think about it—  
Can it be the fashion, Jim?"

"Yes, John, surely 'tis the fashion.  
But the Merry Widow Hat  
Seems to me the most outlandish,  
Perched upon a large false rat.

If they saw a rat in cellar  
They would surely dance a jig;  
But to have one in their garret,  
They don't seem to care a fig.

And they'll add real (?) puffs, so dainty,  
Which are gaining such renown."

"Yes, and in their Marcell waves  
Many have been known to drown."

"The tan shoes they now are wearing  
Can be heard for many blocks;  
But what right have we for talking,  
When we wear such bright red socks.

But say Jim, I've concluded  
That with all their stunning styles,  
We'd feel lost without these lassies  
And their winning ways and smiles."

E. M. H., '08.

## A Square Deal.

Billy Hadley opened the door of the room which he shared with Douglas Claycombe in the Chappman Hall at Wellington College to find his room-mate seated at the table, buried in Virgil. The room was a typical college one, bright with pennants and posters, the broad couch covered with gay Pueblo blankets and numberless pillows. About the room, in careless disorder, lay the head-gear, spiked shoes and other parts of foot ball attire; in a corner, stood base ball and tennis supplies, while the table was littered with numerous papers, magazines, and three or four school books.

Billy stood in the door-way for a few minutes, and, as his pal did not notice him, he walked over to the couch, picked up a pillow and threw it at Douglas, saying, "You're a dandy! Don't you intend to show up for practice tonight? The fellows are all out in the field waiting for you. What's the trouble?"

Douglas dodged the pillow, and, looking up, replied, "Naw! I can't come out tonight. I'm low in Latin and old 'Burr' gives us that examination tomorrow, and I have about one out of a hundred chances to get thru."

"Oh, come off! That's a poor excuse, 'Doc.' What did you take that stuff for, it's a dead language? You've got to get thru somehow. You can't leave us in the lurch like that just before the deciding game of the season. Jud couldn't hold the back as you can. No one can fill the position as well as you do. You will have to do something."

"Do something! Ain't I doing something? I can't show up for practice tonight, but I will tomorrow night, if I don't flunk."

"The whole team depends on you. Well! don't study too hard, Mary." So saying, he left the room just in time to escape a Latin dictionary, and Douglas proceeded to get his studies as before the interruption.

Douglas Claycombe was a Senior, and for the past two years while he had been at Wellington, he had taken a foremost part in athletics, and carried his studies above the required average. He was captain of the foot ball team and right half back, six feet-two in height, broad shouldered and long of limb. In spite of his fine record on the grid-iron, his features were still intact. But the thing in particular that he was noted for in college was his love for good, clean athletics. Once,

just before an important game, the signals of the opposing team were placed in his hands by a would-be friend. The fellow did not soon forget the lecture "Doc" gave him or how "Doc" tore the paper into shreds.

The hero of this incident at this moment took up his tablet and put the finishing touches to an essay on which he had been working for a month or more. Then he gathered up the scrap papers from the table and tossed them upon the already heaped-up waste basket. Then seizing his foot ball gear he decided that he would surprise Billy, and hurried off to get in a little practice before supper.

As the little brass clock was striking five, the door was cautiously opened and a wooly head peered in. Seeing that the room was empty, the small colored boy stepped in and began his usual duties of setting things to rights. Before he began dusting, he raised the window. A gust of wind came rushing in catching up the papers from the table and whirling them across the floor where they mingled with those blown from the waste basket. Tad, for that was the boys name, immediately closed the window and prepared to remedy the mischief that the wind had done. He gathered up all the papers and stuffed them into the waste basket, finished his work, then took up the basket and left the room.

About eight thirty p. m., Douglas and Billy were lounging in their room, discussing the different points of the game under the new rules. Presently Billy got up and walked over to the table. Picking up his books he drew a chair nearer the student's lamp and sat down to get his lessons for the next day. In a few minutes "Doc," whistling softly, his hands in his pockets, walked over to the desk and stood looking down at the photograph of a pretty girl. She, sure, was a peach; he was a mighty lucky fellow to get to take her to the Thanksgiving hop. Then the thoughts of his Virgil and his low grade in Latin recurred to him. Guess he had better look at that Virgil again. He just had to get thru that Latin exam tomorrow. It would never do to flunk just before the hardest game of the season. Besides, there was the hop in the evening after the game and if the Wellington's lost because of his not being able to play, how could he face the fellows. He couldn't do it. He would get thru that exam somehow. Then, with such thoughts in his mind, he went to work at his studies.

The room was very still; the little clock on the desk ticked noisily away, eight forty-five, eight fifty, eight fifty-five, then struck nine. Billy looked up, stretched and yawned, then he reached over and picked up "Doc's" tablet. Doc looked up. "Say! don't cop any of my essay for your Trig problems."

"Where is your essay?" inquired Billy.

"Oh! In that tablet."

Billy industriously searched on each side of the pages thru the tablet, and on not finding the missing article, addressed "Doc" again. "Nothing doing here. There's no essay in this tablet."

Doc looked up from his book again, "Give it here a minute! You're blind as a bat."

Doc was a little surprised not to find his essay in the tablet as he felt certain that he had placed it there, but maybe he had put it in his Literature. So he took up the book and looked thru its pages but did not find his papers. After an unsuccessful search on the table and floor, Doc glanced over at Billy's serene countenance and then spoke to him; "Who has been monkeying with my papers? Look here, Billy, hand over that essay. Come on, no jollying." But Billy didn't have the essay and finally persuaded Doc to that effect. The two boys searched all over the room but to no avail until Doc fell over the empty waste basket. Then he remembered Tad, and as the essay was not in the room, maybe Tad knew something about it, so he put on his hat and coat, explaining to Billy where he was going, and left the room.

After a few minutes walk, Doc reached the cottage, on the outskirts of the town, the home of Mrs. Jones and her son, Thaddeus Jones. The house was dark, and, as he opened the creaking gate a dog began to bark. Keeping an eye open for the dog, Doc walked up the narrow path and knocked at the door. After knocking three or four times, a voice called out the window, inquiring, "Who's dar?" Doc explained his presence and asked for Tad. Mrs. Jones objected to calling Tad, but she offered to show Doc where the scrap paper was. "You'll go around to de back doah an' ah'll fetch you a candle." "But how about that dog, will he bite?" asked Doc. "De dag! et's chained and he wouldn't bite nobody." With this assurance, Doc made his way to the rear of the house. In a few minutes, the house door opened, and Mrs. Jones appeared with a candle. "You will find all de waste paper in de bin in de right han' corner of de shed."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones, for your trouble. I didn't like to bother you this hour of the night, but that essay must be handed in tomorrow before school, so I had to have it tonight. Doc entered the shed and was soon looking over the rubbish from all the waste baskets at school. He had poked among the papers for quite fifteen minutes when he came across a folded page of large tablet paper. At once he thought he had found a trace of his missing essay so he drew nearer



the candle and unfolded the paper. This is what he read: "Latin examination, November 15, 1907." Blank astonishment was written all over his face. He read the heading again, "Latin exam. Nov. 15, 1907." Today was the fourteenth tomorrow was the fifteenth. These must be the questions for the test he had to take, the test he must not flunk in. He did not unfold the paper any further but sat looking down at it. Would he read the question? How easy it would be then to make a good grade in that test! Nobody would ever know. The Professor had two copies of the questions. He would never miss this one. Why not read the questions? It wasn't his fault that they fell into his hands. They must have been thrown away accidentally. Why not take advantage of the accident and make a good grade and get to play the game. Play the game! Was he playing the game squarely? Wasn't this as much as copying the other fellow's signals? Then he thought of Howard Little, the fellow who had found an opposing teams' signals in a book borrowed from the captain of the team. Wasn't that as much of an accident as this was? No! he wouldn't — couldn't look at those questions. That wouldn't be the fair thing to do. He wouldn't be giving the professor a square deal, and he would be doing himself a great injury. He would take the test tomorrow. Better flunk than to get thru by cheating. With this resolution in mind he again started the search for his essay. Presently his diligence was rewarded, and the lost was found. Gathering up the familiar pages, his eye once more fell on the folded exam. paper. What was he to do with that? Should he take it to Professor Burry? Yes! That was the best thing to be done.

On Doc's departure, he left the candle and some money at Mrs. Jones door, then he started for the dormitory. He had not gone far when he met a slightly bent man hurrying along in the direction Doc was coming from. Doc recognized the figure of Professor Burry. As the Professor passed Doc, he suddenly looked up and then stopping, addressed Doc.

"Where have you been, young man, at this hour. You should be in your room at nine thirty and you should not leave it without permission after that hour. Now, it is after ten o'clock!"

"I have been down to Mrs. Jones', sir, looking for an essay of mine which had been thrown into the waste basket by mistake. I did not know that it was so late. And, sir, I have a paper here that I found down there and it must belong to you." Doc handed him the paper.

"Yes! Yes! I did lose those questions. You know what it is, sir?" asked the Professor as he peered near-sightedly into Doc's face, which

could be seen quite clearly in the bright moonlight.

"Yes, sir! I opened it by mistake, thinking it was a part of my essay. I saw the heading and knew it must belong to you."

"You didn't read it?" asked the Professor again. "You need all you can get in Latin this month as your grade is below the average, so far."

"No, sir! I didn't read the paper. I know I need all I can get in an honest way, but I do not need or want to take advantage of anything which may fall into my hands in a dishonest way or as this did by accident."

Douglas spoke hotly as the Professor's questions had angered him. When he had finished, the old man placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and said: "I'm sure you didn't read the questions and I was testing you, that's all. Good-night! You have saved me a search thru the waste paper as this was the only copy of the questions that I had and it was too late to make out another set. Good-night "

"Good-night, sir!" answered Douglas as he started once more for his room.

The next morning Douglas Claycombe took the test with his class, and, when the grades were read, he had passed well above the average.

—*Mamie Nixon.*

### **Isn't it a Shame?**

Treatment received by A. H. S. pupils. Frozen all winter, pounded into headaches all spring, all meet-days on Saturdays.

### **Botany.**

Freshman to Sophomore: "What's the use of studying Botany anyway, just to find out how many stars there are in the sky?"



### The Evolution of the High School Girl's Hair.

The sweet little Freshman baby girl;  
Who timidly speaks and low,  
Wears her hair in many a curl  
Tied on the side with a bow.

The Sophomore girl shows advancement,  
By wearing her hair in a braid;  
She rolls it back tight on each side of her part,  
A hair will escape, she's afraid.

The Junior maid with modesty,  
And unaffected grace,  
Does up her hair just suitable  
For such a time and place.

With a great high collar and jabot bow,  
The Senior struts about;  
Whilst the coronet puffs which crown her head  
Attract the boys, no doubt.



## Juniors—Second Section.

Colors: Scarlet and Black.

### Officers.

President	FRED S. McPIKE
Vice-President	TILTON WEAD
Secretary	SANFORD TAYLOR
Treasurer	HORTENSE RODGERS

LELA LANG

Whose name belongs on the Junior Roll, left school during the Second Semester.

#### FRED McPIKE.

A more popular boy you never did see  
He's it in the class of nineteen naught nine,  
Some good information the Juniors would give;  
As United States President he surely will shine.

#### TILTON WEAD

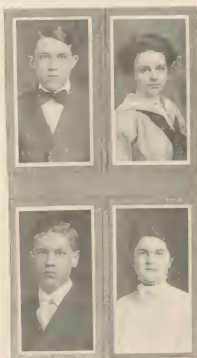
Pretty, witty, wise, energetic,  
Scholarly, musical, athlete,  
All of these and more indeed  
Characterize Tilton Wead.

#### SANFORD TAYLOR

"S. K. Taylor, Painless Dentist,"  
Some day he'll hang out his sign;  
And people weeping with jaws swollen high,  
Will stand there all waiting in line.

#### HORTENSE RODGERS.

Here is our editor-in-chief so fair,  
Who is always willing to do her share;  
She is a shark in her studies, you'll agree,  
For on her report you see nothing but "E."





### MAUDE BALLENGER.

See my golden hair!  
Every angle morn,  
With curls and little ribbons,  
I do it adorn.



### MARTIN BRISTOW.

In Latin he's anything but slow,  
This fellow we all call Cicero,  
In the shot-put he never meets defeat,  
For he is our Junior athlete.

### MARJORIE BETTS.

This sweet little girl with wondrous mind,  
During study periods ne'er can find  
Time to talk to anybody;  
But says, "Be still and let me study."



### MARGUERITE BUCK.

Very tiny and quick as a wink,  
Her actions often cause you to blink;  
In debate she always takes the cake,  
And never once was known to quake.



### MAMIE COLEMAN.

Mamie Coleman is a dear,  
A leading lady of the year;  
If you would keep up with her,  
You must of't your wits bestir.



### LUCY DEGENHARDT.

Lucy with her head of hair,  
All in braids so rich and rare;  
What a nice place for the rats  
To flee in terror from the cats.



### ELIZABETH EBERHARDT.

Lizzie is so very smart,  
Although you try "Eber" so "hard,"  
You have to be a hustler  
To keep up with such a rustler.



### MARY ELLISON.

Mary has a quiet way  
Of studying hard all the day,  
And never has a word to say  
When reading, "Chem. will write today."

## FRANCES FECHNER.

This girl so pleasant and moderately tame,  
Without Bertha, her chum, is rarely seen;  
In speaking German we all agree  
That she is a shark in the highest degree.

## BERTHA FIEGENBAUM.

As down Henry street I slowly passed,  
The air was rent with a mighty blast;  
For a moment I stood as one stricken dumb,  
It was only Bertha calling her chum.

## ALMA GREEN.

From over the river comes this fair maid,  
In pursuit of knowledge for future life,  
That she may become a desirable wife,  
And be to her husband a cheerful aid.

## KATHALEEN HESKETT.

This young lady with scarlet hair,  
Can never a precious moment spare,  
Unless it be for basket ball,  
In which we know she leads them all.

## KENDALL HOPKINS.

He is indeed on the road to fame,  
In athletics he has won a name;  
As a doctor or surgeon will he excel,  
And make all his patients entirely well.

## HARRY JOHNSTON.

Of the Junior class he is the light  
That shines forth so dazzling and bright  
That he is commonly known as "Light Red,"  
A tale from which he never has fled.

## EDWARD JUTTEMEYER.

Edward is my name,  
America is my nation,  
Alton is my dwelling place,  
Teasing girls my occupation.

## MAMIE KELSEY.

Mamie has come from a rather small town  
But nevertheless she will win great renown;  
Since for all kinds of writing both poetry and prose,  
She has a great talent as everyone knows.





### HANNAH KRANZ.

Small and demure, exceedingly bright  
In working problems, she's way out of sight  
A future school ma'am she hopes to be  
And her great ability you soon will see.



### VIOLA LOARTS.

A pleasant girl to have about,  
Scattering sunshine in her art;  
Always prompt in everything,  
Ever ready for her part.



### HALLIE MAE LOGAN.

Next on the roll comes Hallie Mae,  
A lass quite fair is she;  
She sits throughout the livelong day  
Using her eyes assiduously.



### LELA LOGAN.

Very sensible, yet full of fun,  
She has a smile for everyone;  
Over her face a frown rarely passes,  
She is one of our happiest lasses.



### LILLIAN MARSH.

With winsome smile and a grace her own,  
This bright young maid appears;  
A grade below the hundred mark  
Would drive her into tears.



### PHILOMENE MARUM.

As a writer of plays, she is winning great fame,  
This quaint little girl was once known to remain  
After school to write more, until "Faith and begone,"  
The janitor had gone after locking the door.



### ALICE MORRIS.

Alice Morris so wondrous fair,  
Possesses a talent exceedingly rare,  
If you would know wherein lies her fame  
Come to our school and hear her declaim.



### NELLIE MOTTAZ.

Working and learning are her delights,  
She's a very scholarly creature;  
In a few years more we'll hear of a school,  
With "Miss N. Mottaz" as teacher.



## ERNEST NETZHAMMER.

To Germany this boy hath traveled,  
And many tales hath he unraveled,  
Of Deutschland and the flowing Rhine,  
Enough to take up many a line.

## LEALAND OLBORN.

With a straight-forward look, and heart as true as gold,  
He goes about his work;  
Although he bubbles over with fun,  
He never was known to shirk.

## FERN OULSON.

"Quick as a flash" she grasps ideas,  
She's instant to comprehend;  
While others think of starting a text,  
This little maid reaches the end.

## LAURETTA PAUL.

Our country's going to know her,  
World wide will be her fame;  
There's genius in her writings,  
Lauretta Paul is her name.

## PEARL PAUL.

Modest and shy is this Pearl of Pearls;  
Her crowning feature, her lovely brown curls;  
She studies most diligently night after night,  
But becomes quite frustrated when asked to recite.

## WILMA PIERCE.

Meek and demure,  
Quiet and sweet;  
But the whole world  
Would bow at her feet.

## EDNA RADCLIFF.

She studies hard, she studies long,  
She always has something to do,  
She works with all her might at things,  
Her marks all show it, too.

## NETTIE ROSEBERRY.

Nettie Roseberry we have heard,  
Told us by a little bird,  
Is a shy and timid thing,  
Like a violet in the spring.





### EDNA SAWYER.

A less noisy and more studious lass  
You will not find in the Junior class;  
She studies hard from morn till night,  
So always has her lessons right.

### WALTER SMITH

"Smutea" name will be revered  
For generations to come,  
In yelling for the A. H. S.,  
He certainly makes things "hum."



### FLORENCE STEINER.

Black eyes, black hair has this young girl,  
And quite an intellect;  
She ne'er was known at anytime,  
Her school-work to neglect.

### MYRTLE VOLZ.

No one can deny that Myrtle, so trim  
In her stiff starched dresses looks very prim;  
And often has she with her very sweet voice  
Caused many who listened to wonder and rejoice.



### VERNA WARNER.

She has no heart.  
She had one, they say;  
Where is it? I'll tell you,  
Frank Stowell it away.

### JAMES WILSON.

He makes the most of every minute,  
Gets out of anything everything that's in it,  
He's a strong advocate of the strenuous life,  
But always manages to keep out of strife.



### FAY YAEGER.

Can she giggle?  
Yea! Yea! Y-e-a!!!  
Can she giggle?  
Well! g-u-e-s-s!!!

## What a Little Bird Said.

One day when I was out in the yard looking at the hyacinths and violets, which were in full bloom, my attention was particularly attracted to a tall, stately, white hyacinth growing near a bunch of violets. She was hovering over the violets as if she wished to protect them from any harm that might come their way and nodding her beautiful head to the pretty little upturned faces as though to say "Good morning, children; how are you this morning?" I was wondering what the little flowers would say if they could talk, when I was surprised to hear a very faint, frail, little voice come from among them. It was so faint that I had to stop to catch the words.

"We're very well, thank you; we feel very much refreshed after our splendid dewy bath. Who was that gallant bird that was talking to you so long yesterday morning? He must have come very early for he woke us up."

"Oh, that was Mr. Red Bird. Didn't you see him last spring? Mr. Robin introduced him to me two years ago. He came to tell me about those brilliant Juniors at High School. It certainly is the most illustrious class that has ever been in that institution. Why, when they were Freshmen, he nearly went wild about them. He told me then that he never saw such handsome, beloved and honored pupils as that class of 1909. Last year he seriously thought of suggesting to the Principal that it would be a good thing to weight them down with heavy stones around their necks to keep them from soaring from this world to the regions above.

Since they have become Juniors, they even excel last year's mental brilliancy. He said that he could hardly believe his ears the other day when he heard one of those Juniors giving a definition of the Renaissance, which Miss Gilmore had given them, without mispronouncing a single word. It must have been terrible if it was anything difficult for a Junior. I'm sure that class will be held up for several years as a model to the succeeding Juniors. Why, Miss Rich even praises the remarkable mental qualities of her third year History class. Mr. Red Bird says that he believes that they'll be able to repeat the long list of English kings with almost as much rapidity and accuracy as she can herself by the time this term's over.

I wish you'd hear some of the words those Juniors learn in German; words that even the great German writers never used. I wouldn't be surprised if one of them made a new German dictionary.

which included the new words and made some of those puzzling verbs, which are spelled nearly alike, mean the same thing. Now, what difference would it make if leben and lieben both meant live? They could easily find another verb, very different from them, to mean love. Not that they are not capable of learning them, for who is more capable of doing anything than they? But they consider other people's feelings rather than their own, and they are trying to make it easier for the 1910 class.

The members of the Junior Latin class wish to express their heartfelt sympathy to Miss Ferguson for her anxiety for the class because they will persist in using ambiguous expressions. But they certainly hope and expect to convince her before the year is out that that ambiguity in Latin is the proper thing, and I think that they'll do it, for I never saw a Junior attempt anything that he didn't accomplish.

I really believe I'd be ready to die if someone would pluck me and take me to one of their basket ball games. It's just wonderful how those Juniors do play. When they get hold of a ball there's no chance for anyone else, and you just ought to see them run. They certainly haven't a turtle's idea of rapidity. Those who don't play deserve almost as much praise as the players for they have vociferous lungs and know how to use them. They drown all the other classes and the scarlet and the black are always at the top."

She stopped to think for a moment but was soon aroused by a very plaintive little voice begging, "Won't you please tell us some more about them?"

"Well, I'll tell you a secret, but you must promise never to tell because they don't want anyone to know."

"Goody, goody! We won't tell!" The violets cried all together.

"One afternoon," began the hyacinth, "two Junior girls with studious intent went up to the Physics laboratory. Mr. Red Bird said he never heard two girls make so much noise in his life. They giggled and talked and worked all at once, which, by the way, is a marked characteristic of the Junior mind, that quality of doing several things at once and doing them all well. Meanwhile the moments flew much faster than they thought, and they looked at each other with amazement when they saw that it was getting dusk. They went down stairs as if they had wings on their feet, but, alas, they could get no further. Every door was locked, and they couldn't find any possible means of escape. As night was drawing near, they

recognized the necessity of getting out some way so going to the telephone they summoned the janitor from his warm, cozy fireside to come and let them out."

"Did he come?" asked one of the violets.

"Oh yes, he came, but he has never had occasion to come and let anyone else out since, because there's no one, but the Juniors, who would think of studying after school and especially who would forget what time it was. The Juniors have learned a lesson from this experience, and, although they often go up to the laboratory after school, they always take a watch with them and consult it every few minutes.

Besides their remarkable achievements, the members of this class have the best kind of characters. Nature helps them out in this. She sees to it that they never grow proud and haughty. A few of them showed symptoms of such traits, but their pride soon had a fall, and they went bouncing down the girls' stairway. Mr. Red Bird said he'd come and tell me some more about them this morning. I wonder why he doesn't come."

"There he comes now," cried a violet. "Listen, he's singing a song." I looked up and saw a beautiful red bird circling far above the hyacinth's head, and this is what he sang,—

"When the call to duty comes,  
Juniors all are there;  
They're the happiest class in school,  
Always just and fair.

At the sight of red and black,  
Junior's hearts do swell,  
That they will the contests win,  
Is needless to tell.

May they ever prosperous be,  
As they are today,  
You can never find their match,  
Try hard as you may.

Give three cheers for the '09's.  
Now, with all your might!  
Teacher's joy, school-mates' pride,  
Everyone's delight."

—MAMIE KELSEY.

THE POMPADOUR BOYS.

Oh, this is a song of the Junior boys,  
And the pompadours they wear,  
Now listen well, for I'm going to tell  
How each one fixes his hair.

Well, of course, every time, first of all in the line  
Is Martin, so tall and sedate;  
With a collar so tight, and a necktie so bright  
And his pompadour standing up straight.

The next one to come is just full of fun,  
Who is he, can anyone tell  
With his pompadour slanting toward his left eye,  
And his lessons all studied so well?

And now here comes Clark with big eyes so dark  
And a pompadour oh so fluffy,  
With a smile on his lips which seems to say  
"Ach! don't you think it is lufely?"

The next one we meet is a chappie quite neat  
His name, I think it is Nelson;  
With a fine pompadour, and girl friends galore  
Though he's always seen with a Tilt-on.

Don't you think they're dandy? They're quite the candy,  
These jolly good pompadour boys.  
They set the pace; the rest run the race,  
Hurrah for the Junior Boys! V. E.

V. E.



## The Scarlet and the Black.

In nature's ever-changing scene,  
    Produced for man's ungrateful eye,  
On earth our colors oft are seen,  
    And in that massive dome, the sky.  
For lo! I watch when sinks the sun,  
As if the coming storm to shun;  
The west at first is one red glow,  
Perhaps on night some ray to throw;  
But ere old Sol may disappear,  
    Some awful storms arise in sight;  
    Contending forces, dark and light,  
Their frightful peaks on high they rear.  
Though hid by enemy is he  
The sun fights on persistently.  
In vain! in vain! as many a life  
In dread despair, he ceases strife,  
And slips beyond the sight of all,  
For loudly sounds the battle-call!

But oh! dear Juniors, may we all  
    Respond at once, where ere we be,  
And instant heed our battle-call,  
    Fight for the right, bid darkness flee;  
Nor let despair our foot-steps turn  
To paths we do not justly earn;  
But flame of truth and steady strength  
Attend us through life's entire length;  
Remaining to our colors true,  
    If courage warmed by youthful fire  
    Or black despair from trouble dire  
Just fate doth o'er our pathway strew.  
If any reach the goal of fame,  
May "1909" revere his name;  
And as we journey on through life  
In days of turmoil and of strife,  
May none beneath his burden fall  
For loudly sounds the battle-call.

A peal of thunder rends the sky!  
Bright streaks of lightning, red as flame  
On blackest rain-clouds bending nigh  
The onset of the storm proclaim!  
Again I see our colors there  
Produced by nature in mid-air,  
Triumphant over all the world  
Amid the very tempest whirled.  
The storm doth rage with spirit wild;  
With angry roar and flashes red  
The storm-king sweeps with might so dread,  
His strength of rain-clouds dark compiled,  
The rain then falls with pelting sound  
Upon the thirsty parched ground;  
The wind with gusts so hard doth blow,  
As if the height of power to show.  
The tempest raging thus at night,  
I fall asleep till morning light.

Oh, Juniors, when within our hearts  
Perchance despair and anguish creep,  
Then may we shun temptation's darts  
When storms of failure wildly sweep,  
Remaining to our colors true.  
Oh, give to them all honour due,  
The red for energy and power,  
The black for strength in trying hour!  
Then let us stand so firm and strong  
Inspired by youthful courage great,  
The Juniors' ever-present trait,  
Throughout life's journey, short or long,  
As soldiers in a mighty war,  
Nearing, nearing, more and more  
That daily scene of fiercest strife,  
The mighty battle-field of life,  
Our banner leading us ahead,  
Our flag, jet black and scarlet red!



At morn I wake—the day doth dawn,

A song of welcome each bird sings :

The rain-drops sparkle on the lawn,

Each flower on slender stem low swngs.

For see! the storm-king now is past ;

No more holds he, with mighty grasp,

The tender leaflets in his power ;

All nature's glad—'tis morning hour !

I gaze with thrilling, proud surprise,

And see at each horizon-line

Portrayed by nature's brush so fine

Our colors painted in the skies.

The scarlet rays from rising sun

Proclaim that day has scarce begun ;

The remnant of the tempest shrouds

The west-line-broken, jet-black clouds.

Since nature shows them in the sky,

Oh, let us flaunt our colors high !

And then, dear classmates, may it be,

That after tempests wild at night,

The sullen clouds will quickly flee,

To allow the dawn of morning light.

Thus may it be in sweet old age,

Secure from storms of life which rage,

That we shall think o'er battles won,

Of works accomplished, brave deeds done ;

When on life's sea we were embarked,

With great ambition at the wheel ;

Though doubts and fears we oft did feel,

At last light triumphed over dark.

If thus shall run our thoughts at length

O'er days of courage, days of strength,

Oh, give to them all honour due,

Our colors brave, our colors true !

Oh, keep our banner ere ahead,

The jet-black and the scarlet red !

—BERTHA FIEGENBAUM.

# The Juniors' Triumph.

A Comedy in Two Acts.

## CHARACTERS.

HERB—Champion flag-raiser of Seniors.

HARRY—His helper.

FRED—Class President of Juniors, leading Junior boy.

TWINS—Juniors.

IMO—Junior.

LAURETTA—Chief boss and leading Junior girl.

NETTIE—Gentle maid of Junior class.

WALTER—Junior.

HARRY—Junior.

RHEA—Noisy Junior.

JAC—Noisy Junior.

Entire Junior and Senior classes.



# The Juniors' Triumph.

## ACT I.

SCENE 1: *Tower in Alton High School; Senior flag raising. Tuesday evening near midnight in early spring. Tower is dark and unoccupied. A ladder leads through a trap door into the cupola. A small door opens and several Seniors enter carrying a dark lantern. They give the tower a careful scrutiny.*

1st. Senior, (carrying a lantern). "So far, so good, fellows, but hurry up, think of the work we've got to do!"

2nd. Senior: "Get a move on you before some of those noisy Juniors get around here"

1st. Senior, (climbing ladder): "Say, fellows, this will be the best joke of the year. Wait till those saucy Juniors see our flag in the morning." (Noise is heard without).

3rd. Senior: "Sh—Sh, what's that?" (Every one listens, but sound is not repeated).

1st. Senior, (reaches trap-door, drops lantern and light goes out): "Oh, fudge! get that lantern, boys." (Several rush to get it).

4th Senior: "Who's got a match?" (All search for match, but cannot find one.) "Look again, Harry, you certainly ought to have one."

Harry: "I haven't got a blamed one."

1st Senior: "Somebody go to the Physics room and get one"—(one fellow starts.)

Harry, (londly): "Aw! bring more than one, we'll need them before we get through."

3rd. Senior: "Harry, keep still, we'll get caught sure"

2nd. Senior: "I wish he'd hurry up, we ought to have known better than to send that kid."

4th. Senior: "Here's your match, Herb," (handing fellow on the ladder one.)

(Lantern having been lighted, they advance to the trap-door.)

Herb: "Gee! I didn't know this door was so small. Fellows, I'm caught." (After a great commotion they push him up through the trap-door.)

2nd. Senior: "Let's see the flag, Harry." (Holds it up and looks at it.) "Wasn't it great of those girls to make such a dandy flag?"

4th. Senior: "Hurry up, Herb, and get up that pole; here's the rope and the flag, I'm getting powerful sleepy."

Herb, (from above): "Say, fellows, can't you hold that pole still?" (A loud outburst of elegant English (?) is heard from above, when the rope breaks.)

Herb: "Now I've got it fixed, I guess that will hold the Juniors for awhile." (The flag is raised amid a muffled cheer from the waiting boys, and the boys with many expressions of triumph leave the tower alone in darkness.)

SCENE II: *In corridor. Morning after the raising of the flag before school. Junior boys and girls talking.*

Fred, (very earnestly): "Say, people, we've simply got to do something, and what shall we do?"

Twins, (in unison): "We've got to get even somehow."  
Imo, (naturally): "Jerushy-Jane-Pepper! but they think they're smart."

Lauretta, (enthusiastically): "What can we do?"

Edward: "Well, suppose we ——" Enter B. C., (clapping his hands.) "No loitering in the halls, if you want to talk go into the Assembly room." (B. C. departs to Assembly room and leaves crowd still standing.)

Nettie: "He came near finding out what we were talking about."

Edward, (impatiently): "Say, Fred, can't you think of something?"

Fred: Let's let it be and have a class meeting about it."

Twins, (in unison): "Well, I say we adjourn till later."

#### SCENE III: Junior Class meeting in room 4 at 3:30.

President: "Class come to order, please. The purpose of this meeting is to find a way by which we may avenge ourselves of the Seniors. Has anyone a motion to make on this subject?"

1st. Student: "Mr President, I move that we, on the night before the class meet, hide the Senior boys' track suits, so they can't appear on class day"

2nd. Student: "I second the motion."

President: "It has been moved and seconded that the night before the class meet we hide the Senior boys' track suits so they can't appear on class day. All in favor of the motion please rise. (Some rise and are counted.) "All opposed, please rise." (They are counted).

President: "The motion does not carry, as the majority are opposed. Are there any new motions on this question?"

President, (rapping on the desk to restore order in the room). "This is a meeting of great importance, and something must be decided upon this afternoon. Hasn't someone a good suggestion? It's getting late, and we want to get out of here sometime tonight." (Slight pause while all are thinking.)

4th Student: "I suggest that we give an invitation to the Seniors to attend a Junior banquet in honor of the Seniors, and the arrangements for the banquet can be left in the hands of a committee appointed by the President."

Another Student, (enthusiastically): "Oh, fine! I second the motion." (All are in favor of this and order for adjournment is given).

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Senior section of Assembly Room Tuesday morning.

1st. Senior Girl, (joining a group of other Seniors): "What do you know about the banquet which the Juniors are going to give us?"

1st. Senior boy: "Queer, isn't it? What do you suppose ever struck the Juniors?"

2nd. Senior Boy, (sarcastically): "You would think that they'd want to do something to get even with us, instead of giving us a banquet. We've always been ahead of them."

2nd. Senior Girl: Well, they are certainly following the Golden Rule."

3rd. Senior Girl: "Perhaps it's because we're Seniors, and they want to give us a farewell reception."

3rd. Senior Boy, (boldly): "Whatever their reason is, we're game for almost anything."

1st. Senior Girl: "It's Friday night, isn't it? I wonder what time we are supposed to be here?"

2nd. Senior Girl: "I heard that the banquet is going to be at nine o'clock, but they want us to come earlier; I guess they are going to have some kind of amusements."

2nd. Senior Boy: "I believe there's some kind of joke in this; I'm rather suspicious of the whole thing."

1st. Senior Girl, (eagerly): "Seems to me it's too good to be true."

3rd. Senior Boy, (indignantly): "Don't be afraid. Those Juniors are too slow to get ahead of us."

3rd. Senior Girl, (confidently): "They wouldn't think of doing anything with the whole class there."

3rd. Senior Boy: "Well, you are all in for it, aren't you?"

All, (in unison): "Sure, we're on!"

(Signal rings and crowd disperses.)

SCENE II: *In gymnasium. Friday evening after school. Junior boys and girls preparing for banquet.*

Lauretta, (speaking to a group standing in one corner of gymnasium): "Some of you people go into the girls' lunch room and begin fixing those Senior tables." (Exit Edward, Twins, Fred and others).

Nettie: "Somebody come and help me move this table. How are we going to arrange the tables anyhow?"

Lauretta: "I think we better have two long tables, that ought to seat sixty-two."

Imo: "All right, you put the tables there while we get ready to decorate." (All work silently for a while.)

Rhea: "This will be a good joke on the Seniors, they think we're so slow."

Walter: "They were kind of suspicious at first, but I think it's all passed over now."

Jac: "Well, get to work, there's no time to talk."

Imo, (after putting a group of pennants on the wall): "Do you think that looks all right? Hand me one of those '09's."

Edward, (coming from lunch room): "Do you want those Senior tables put together?"

Rhea, (harshly): "Sure! hurry up about it!" (Exit Edward.)

Harry: "What do you want done next?"

Imo: "You boys come and help decorate now, while we fix the tables."

Nettie: "Somebody can fold the paper napkins, if he wants to."

Imo: "Here are our class colors, let's begin draping the table"

Rhea: "How do you want them arranged?"

Lauretta: "Bring the colors here, and I'll show you how to do it."

(Yards of black and scarlet are then arranged on the table neatly.)

Harry: "Well, we are through decorating now. How does it look, girls?"

Girls: "O fine! great!"

Lauretta: "I think the boys can go now, there's nothing they can do."

Walter: "Well, come on fellows, let's go."

Lauretta: "Thanks for helping us, be sure and come early to night." (Exit boys).

Girls, (from lunch room): "We're through with the Senior tables. My! but it looks grand in here."

Jac: "You don't have as much to do in there as we do. Come and help us to set the tables, and then we'll all go."

Rhea, (while setting tables): "Gee, won't the Seniors be surprised. They'll find out who's slow."

Nettie: "Yes, he who laughs last, laughs best."

Lauretta: "Is everything done now, and are all the refreshments ready for tonight?" (They take another look around the gymnasium).

Rhea: "Oh; I forgot to order my salted almonds."

Jac: "Well, hurry down town and order them."

Imo: "Come on, let's go. It's getting late and we have to be back at seven." (Exeunt).

SCENE III: *Corridor on first floor. Hall, here, has been decorated and arranged. Friday evening.*

1st. Junior, (talking to a group): "How fine the girls have this decorated. Looks almost as well as down in the gym over down stairs."

2nd. Junior, (receiving a group of Seniors): "Are you in for a good time tonight? We surely are."

1st. Senior: "Yes, that's what we came for."

2nd. Junior: "Well, you'll get it."

3rd. Junior: "Boys, you may put your hats in room 5 and the girls may go into room 3."

Senior Girl: "How nice the corridor looks. You Juniors must have worked hard after school."

Junior Boy: "Well, if you could have seen us after school, you'd have thought we were working hard." (The reception committee is kept constantly busy by the arrival of guests.)

From one group of Juniors and Seniors is heard the following: "This crowd looks like a local option gathering." "Well, I didn't think we'd get beaten so bad." "Oh, well, we'll try it again."

(Snatches of rag-time music are heard from the piano at the lower end of the corridor.) From another group: "Aren't you glad the posts are out of the Assembly room?" "Yes, but I thought we were going to get a week's holiday." "How much good did you Seniors think you were doing by putting up those 'o8 stickers. We wouldn't have known anything about it only we heard the janitor raging about it." (Exeunt refreshment committee).

*A Junior girl dressed as a witch, holds two baskets, one for the Juniors and one for the Seniors, in which are the shells of English wal-*

*THE JUNIORS* professing their future. Much merriment is caused by the girls learning that they are to be mechanics, lawyers and ministers, and the boys are very much surprised to learn that they will be dressmakers, milliners and hair dressers. After many similar amusements, they prepare for the grand march in the lunch room. The Seniors are arranged in line about six abreast with the officers in the first row and the President carrying the Senior flag. The Juniors are arranged similarly, and when the signal is given, all advance toward the lunch room but the Juniors. Music for grand march then begins.

Senior from rear: "What's the matter with the Juniors, aren't you coming?"

Junior: "We're waiting for our flag bearer, you just go on, we're coming."

*The scene closes with the Seniors just rounding the bend in the stairway to the lunch room, while the Juniors scatter hurriedly down the opposite stairway to the gymnasium.*

**SCENE IV:** *Same as Scene II. Junior boys and girls hurrying down stairs into gymnasium.*

Fred, (impatiently): "Hurry up and be quiet. They'll be wondering what has become of us if we don't get in here quickly."

Walter: "I just heard the Seniors going into the lunch room."

Fred: "Take your places. No time for politeness here."

Harry: "I'm going up to see what the Seniors are doing and bring that committee down with me." (Exit).

Rhea: "Oh! Gee! ain't it swell down here?"

Jac: "Well keep still,—you kids." (Enter Harry with committee).

Fred, (in a stage whisper): "Lock that door and hurry up."

A member of the committee: "Oh, the Seniors are sitting in the lunch room patiently waiting for the refreshments."

Another member: "They're saying such sweet things about us!"

Walter: "They'll be saying sweet things about us when they see us here."

Fred: "All ready, three cheers for the Juniors." (The class gives the yell for the Juniors which arouses the Seniors in the lunch room).

*A noise is heard as the Seniors rush out of the lunch room. They try all the doors leading into the gymnasium, finding them locked; a general rush is heard and the next instant, faces expressing surprise, chagrin, and disappointment are seen peering through the gymnasium windows as they view the beautifully decorated walls, and the splendid refreshments,—nuts—pickles—fudge—sandwiches—and many other eatables that appeal to the average girl and boy.*

*While the Seniors are standing, peering through the windows, with long-drawn faces, the president of the Junior class rises and gives*

*the following, read after which many cheers for the Juniors are given.*

### HURRAH FOR THE JUNIORS!

Of all the students in the school,  
The Juniors are the best, sir,  
They learn their lessons every day,  
And ne'er "flunk" in a test, sir.  
The girls are the prettiest in the school,  
The boys the handsomest, too, sir,  
In every contest of any sort,  
The others say "boo-hoo!" sir.  
In basket ball, in foot ball, too,  
We always show our might, sir;  
And when it comes to class-day quarrels,  
We always win the fight, sir.

FINIS.







**IN MEMORIAM.**

**CHARLES FLACH.**

**Born March 10, 1891.    Died June 10, 1907.**

# Juniors—First Section.

Colors: Black and Gold.

## Officers.

President	WINFREY GREGORY
Vice-President	HOYT COX
Secretary and Treasurer	LENORA KOCH

The following pupils left school the Second Semester:  
LUCILLE CHAMBERLAIN.  
JOSEPH MANGAN.



### WINFREY GREGORY.

*Learned and grave, a scholar wise;  
You'll see if you look into his eyes.*

### HOYT COX.

*Though one cannot the future see,  
We need not wonder what Hoyt will be.*

### LENORA KOCH.

*Though quiet, serene and very sedate,  
In cracking jokes she is never late.*

### JACLYN ARGO.

*This maid will go across the sea,  
To return a rival of Paderewski.*

### FLORENCE BELL.

*Good natured, "Smiles" her name could be,  
No one her face ere gloomy did see.*

### LENORA CARTWRIGHT.

*Modest and shy, as we all know,  
In seeing a joke she's never slow.*

EDNA CRONE.

This Titan maid is fond of music  
And in doing sums will never slumber.

HAROLD CURDIE.

Harold Curdie with his smile  
Duth try the maidens to beguile.

VIRGINIA ENGLISH.

I am English, of Lee's descent.  
What's that I hear? A compliment.

IMO GILLHAM.

Pushmataha's secretary,  
Far too dark to be a fairy.

LILLIAN HAMILTON.

This maid has a very long pedigree,  
A descendant of Alexander is she.

HARVEY HARRIS.

A kodak fiend, a lover of nature  
Who has a kind thought for each fellow creature.

FLORENCE KUHN.

A missionary you will find,  
In this maid so gentle, sweet and kind.

EUNICE LAVENUE.

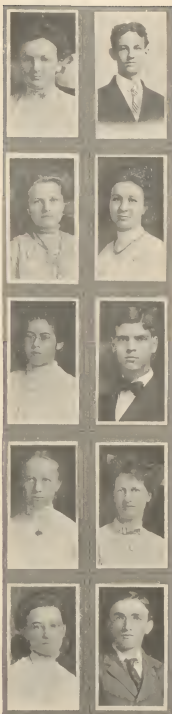
A rival of Gibson is this little miss,  
Her pictures we know are far better than his.

JOHANNA MASEL.

This graceful maid with features small  
In swiftness surely excels all.

JULIUS MEISENHEIMER.

Dignified and solemn, but they say,  
That with the girls he has a way.





### EARL MILLER.

To say he is noisy would be absurd,  
For Earl's motto is: "Seen but not heard."

### KIRK MOOK.

Fat as a match and lanky too;  
We've decided he's read every book all through.

### FRIEDA NETZHAMMER.

To be sure there's a hammer attached to her name,  
But she's not a knocker just the same.

### ELDA PAUL.

Elda and Ethel with faces sweet,  
Have a pleasant word for everyone they meet;  
And I believe it is only their mother,  
Who can really tell one from the other.

### ETHEL PAUL.

### HERBERT SCHAEFER.

A scholarly boy, a student true,  
He always knows his lessons, too.

### NELSON SCHWEPPE.

The Junior Comedian, so we've heard,  
Whose chief enjoyment is to be absurd.

### PEARL TRUBE.

A jewel, as her name signifies,  
On whose word every one relies.

### CLARK WELLS.

An easy-going mediator,  
But of all a grand debator.

### LEWIS CALAME.

Blue are his eyes, curly his tresses,  
Of much mischief this culprit confesses.

## A Mountain Climb.

Here we come with fun and noise,  
Sixteen jolly girls and boys.  
On our knowledge you may depend,  
Hurrah!! for the class of 1910.

Siss!! boom!! bah!! Alton High School!! Rah!! Rah!! Rah!!  
Well, well, here we are, almost at the top of the famous mountain, Alton High School. Only a few more steps and we shall reach the summit; but, while we are resting at the "Junior Camping Grounds," we can look back over the rugged steps that we have climbed, and see, away at the foot of the mountain, the numerous loose boulders. These, are the difficulties that we had to surmount on our first years of travel along the paths of education.

As we cautiously began the ascent of the gigantic structure, the first object of interest was an immense flat rock, bearing this inscription, "Freshmen Camping Grounds, A. H. S., February party of 1906 will please stop here until further notice." We accordingly pitched our tents on this broad level and proceeded to make the best of our opportunities. There were many different paths leading away from our new encampment, one of which brought us to an enclosure in which was imprisoned a small animal called an Algebra, an intelligent little creature, with sleek brown coat, and gentle ways, scarcely ever bothering its keeper, who was a sweet-faced young lady, with light hair and blue eyes. Another road led to an old fashioned English house, in which we often gathered, and had jovial times, reading, speaking and gossiping. One day, while exploring the third byway, we discovered an old museum, in which a certain Professor Bird had collected a number of time-worn relics, including a skeleton, which was propped into a standing position in one corner of his study. I distinctly remember one morning that we called upon him, only to find him in a rage, pacing furiously up and down the room. We took seats as usual, without being told, and glanced around the room to behold,—oh! such ghastly sights! The skeleton was literally broken in pieces, the skull being in one corner of the room, the false teeth in another, and numerous other bones scattered over the room. We listened meekly while the Professor gave us a "piece of his mind." It seems that he had just discovered the shameful deed, and was disgusted to think that any person could be so cowardly as to sneak into his room during his absence, and attack a skeleton, and a woman's skeleton at that, who had no other means of defense than to make ghostly grimaces at the intruder. Meanwhile he had been piecing the skeleton together, until it was finally presentable for study. The Professor afterward discovered that the terrible assault had been merely an accident, and humbly begged our pardons, which we granted him quite freely. The fourth path of knowledge ran straight ahead for a short distance, and then branched off into two smaller paths, one of these leading to an Art Studio, and the other to the home of a lady who conversed entirely in Latin. There were forty-eight boys and girls in our party.

and the majority of them took the first path, while the others took the second.

After remaining at the "Freshman Camp" a year, we were given notice to "go up higher." We accordingly loaded our pack-horses, and journeyed onward, encountering many happy experiences during our short vacation of travel from the old destination to the new one, and were in the best of spirits when we arrived at the enormous rock, whose sign-board read "Camp Sophomore."

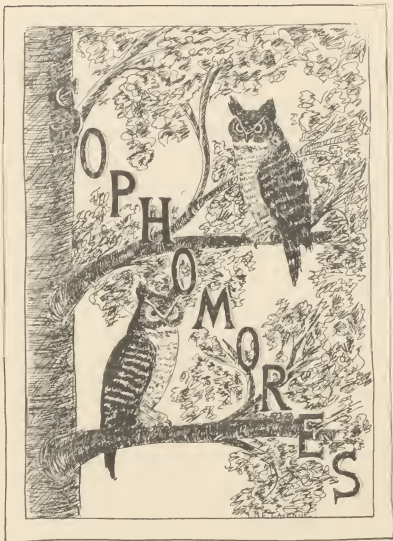
We entered this new field with enthusiasm, and began our explorations with renewed zeal, finding that the preceding party had also been given notice to "move up higher." We had a beautiful view of the Mississippi river from the south, and spent the greater part of our time admiring its graceful windings in and out between the banks. All of our time, however, was not spent in idleness. In our spare minutes we explored the mountain for flowers, which we analyzed, and preserved for further use. There was also a renowned English lady, whom we often visited to obtain her opinion on certain literary articles that we were producing, and a few of our Latin friends discovered a lady who would talk Latin with them to their heart's content. The rest of us meanwhile inquired as to the government of the great outside world, and the movements of the earth and its smaller functions. During the first part of the year, we had kept up the habit of visiting our little friend, the Algebra, but by the next half year, we had become tired of these visits, and had found a new source of pleasure in visiting the geom-tree, and devouring its delicious fruits. While we were yet remaining at the "Sophomore Camp," a few of the girls and boys discovered a dear little lady who could talk German. Our visits to her finally terminated in discovering a set of very bright persons, who could pronounce the hardest word in the "Deutsch" vocabulary, even if it were a word like this,—Neujahrsgratulationsentbindungskarten. When we were given our next notice to "move up higher" toward the "Junior Camp," we did so with a willingness that was surprising.

But by this time the ascent had become so difficult that we were compelled to have guides to remain with us during the rest of the climb, so we are now roped in between many experienced mountain guides. We are making the ascent more easily and quickly now, stopping at various small refreshment houses now and then, where we are served "Geom tree" fruit, French History, a kind of delicious pudding, and English gems together with Commercial snaps, and we are now looking forward eagerly to the glimmering camp fires of the Seniors.

—MINNIE HUGHSON.

#### **Found in Room 4.**

Oh, the High School's icy fountains, room four's electric fans,  
The joy and bliss of living with goose-flesh on your hands.





SECOND YEAR, SECOND SECTION.





SECOND YEAR, SECOND SECTION.

## Second Year—Second Section.

Colors: Blue and Old Gold.

### Officers.

President	JOSEPH DEGENHARDT
Vice-President	EDNA SMITH
Secretary and Treasurer	PERCY BEALL

Percy Beall	Eva Kelley
Alfred Bradfish	Fannie Kerrell
Edith Browne	William Kramer
Raymond Buck	Estelle Magee
Dorothy Burns	Mabel Neff
John Carstens	William Pace
Rhea Curdie	George Powell
Madeline Day	Dell Riley
Joseph Degenhardt	Josephine Rippe
Florence Dick	Paul Rothacher
Laura Diez	Eula Sheets
Dorothy Dorsey	Edna Smith
Harriet Forbes	Groves Smith
Ida Getsinger	Hilda Steiner
Howard Glen	Cordelia Stutz
Fred Haerberle	Pea-l Summers
Bessie Hamilton	George Thomas
Julia Harrison	Louis Walter
Walter Hefner	Edith Waltrip
Claudy Heppner	Josephine Webb
Warren Hoffman	Florence Weindel
Helen Hope	Mary Wilson
Minnie Hughson	Josef Wright
Estella Jackson	Frank Yenny

## A Sophomore Pilgrimage.

As I came home from dear old High, tired and weary with the day's work, I lay down to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. Behold I saw Edith Brown, a studious girl, sitting in school, with a book in her hand, and a great burden of study upon her back. She opened her book, and as she read therein she said, "What shall I do?"

In this mood, therefore, she went home thinking that she would leave school. But she came back the next morning, and turning around found Edna Smith to help her out of her troubles.

Edna: "What is the matter Edith?"

Edith: "I am in great trouble and discouraged, and I don't know what to do."

Edna: "But do you not see the gate of graduation before you? Well, then, keep your eyes upon that gate and push on toward it."

Thus encouraged, Edith went on her way. She had not yet gone far when James Coleman, a very obstinate class-mate, and Wm. Kramer, a pliable fellow, both neighbors of Edith's, ran after her, and tried to get her to turn back. When they caught up with her they asked her if she would forfeit all their pleasures to pursue the course that she was now pursuing. She told them that she would, and asked them to go along with her. James, after some hesitation, finally decided to go, but William turned his back upon them and went home.

Now, when William was gone, Edith and James proceeded on their way. As it was late in the year they ran on swiftly, not noticing where they were going, until, to their dismay, they fell into the great Slough of the Month's Test. But Edith, who was on the lookout for this calamity, started for the opposite shore, and after forty-five minutes of struggles and exertions reached the other side, where she found Harriet Forbes, to help her out. In the meantime, James started for the shore upon which was situated his last home, the First Year, and at last reached it, and was satisfied.

After Edith had received the help from Harriet, they separated. Harriet going I know not where, but Edith staying on the road leading to the gates she could see. But she had gone only a short distance when she espied one afar off, coming toward her. The one she saw was Percy Beall, a wondrous wise fellow, who dwelt in the City of Policy. When they were within speaking distance they had a conversation, in which Percy persuaded Edith to go to the City of Pleasure. She also learned that the Mayor of this city was Elden Betts, and that he had a handsome son, whose name was Stephen Matthews, a youth of civil character. So I saw that Edith started on toward the hill of Trouble, upon which this city was located. But as Edith drew near to this hill, flames of demerits came from within it. But just at this point Edna Smith appeared and warned her to keep in the path and to take no more of Percy's advice.

Edith gradually retraced her steps to the path from which she had wandered, and then proceeded on her way. Now I saw that after she had gone a great distance, she came to a large and beautiful castle. She knocked upon the gates and at last the gate-keeper, Frank Yenny, a good-willed fellow, opened the door, and invited her in. Frank told her to hurry up, as she was in danger of obstacles in her path. Edith was glad to reach this point of her journey, as this was the castle of

the Juniors. After conversing awhile Frank showed Edith the path that led to the end of the journey. Then Edith went on till she came to the home of the Interpreter, where she knocked over and over. At last Dorothy Dorsey, the great Latin Interpreter, came to the door.

Dorothy: "Come in, good friend, I have many things to show you."

With this invitation Edith went in, and Dorothy took her to a private room. In this room sat many people, and in one group were: Josephine Webb, Madeline Day, Howard Glen, Laura Dietz, Wm. Pace, Estelle Magee, George Powell, Bessie Hamilton, Groves Smith, Eva Lavenue, Elliott S. Taylor and George Thomas. All of these honorable personages were passionate people, and represented the present people of the world. The other group of people in this room were the patient Freshmen, who represented the people to come. In another room where Edith was taken, was a man named Frank Stowell, who was weeping and moaning. Upon asking Dorothy what was the matter with him, Dorothy told Frank to tell her, and this he did.

Frank: "Last semester I failed in my final examinations, and now I am in great distress about it."

But Edith asked him if he did not have a reason for his failure, and to this question he replied.

Frank: "Yes, I had a good reason. I strayed from my path and wandered to the City of Pleasure, and could not find my way back."

Then I saw in my dream that Edith departed, and continued her journey. And I saw that the highway upon which she had to go was fenced on either side by a wall, called the Rules of the School. As she travelled onward, she saw some people sitting idly by the wayside. These were Clausy Heppner, Ida Getsinger and Warren Gratian. After trying to persuade them to come with her, but failing, she travelled on. By this time she was in sight of the Castle of Plane Geometry, and hastening forward, she soon came to the entrance, where she found a great throng waiting, all of whom wished to enter, but all seemed afraid to try. In the crowd were: Louis Walters, Edith Hoppe, Walter Hefner, Irene Trede, Stanley Beck, Amelia Ringemann, Geo. Mook, and Mabel Neff. There was a King who presided over this great castle, and all that wished to enter, gave him their names, and then fought their way through.

After Edith reached the King, she gave him her name, armed herself with mental power, paper and pencil, and started through. It was not long, however, before she was well inside the city, and as she walked along, she saw two persons in front of her, and she made great haste to catch up with them. As she drew nearer, she recognized one as Fred Haeberle, a formal youth, and the other as Fred Weld, one of great skill. Edith asked them where they were going, and upon learning that they were going to the same place, they decided to travel on together. So they travelled until they came to the hill which they could see rising above the horizon. Now the name of this hill was Difficulty, and after reaching its base, Edith straightway ascended, while the two Freds took the road to the right, which also led to the Gates of Graduation. So they parted, not seeing each other for many a day. Now as Edith went up the hill, she met two others. These were Philip Sheridan, a youth who mistrusts everyone, and Florence Dick, a timid maid, coming down toward her. Edith asked them why they had turned back, and they told her that they had met with so

many difficulties that they were going back, and would take the road that led to the right.

After Edith had departed from them she proceeded, and after overcoming many obstacles, reached the other side. As she travelled on she passed on the way, Raymond Buck and Joe Degenhardt, and in a few minutes more passed Eva Kelley, a very small maid. And now I saw that Edith was in sight of Cicero's Castle, but before she reached it, passed Dell Riley and Josephine Rippe. She soon reached this beautiful castle and met at the door, John Carstens, a porter employed here. After telling him who she was and where she was going, he let her come in. He called to someone and presently, Ruth Moran came into the hall. She took Edith into a large room, where Senia Fiebler, Cordelia Stutz and Clara Fiedler were entertaining some friends. The guests were Hilda Steiner, Elliott F. Taylor and Florence Wiendel. Presently Pearl Summers came in and was told to prepare a place for Edith to stay all night.

When the sun rose high in the sky next day, Edith set out to complete her journey. She asked John if he had seen Alfred Bradfish pass by. John told her that he had, so she made great haste to catch up with him. After she had been gone from the castle for about half a day, she met Alfred coming back.

Edith: "Why do you turn back, my friend?"

Alfred: "Because, as I was going around the bend in the road up there, I saw Paul Rothacher, and beside him was a great monster, called Final Examination. I suppose he undertook to get the best of him and was killed in the attempt."

Edith decided to go on and face this monster, so I saw that she came face to face with him, got the best of him, and went on her way rejoicing. And with a few days more travel, reached the Gates of Graduation, which she had fought so bravely to attain. So I awoke and behold it was a dream.

—JOS. F. WRIGHT, '10.

### The Charge of the Hammers.

"List to that! List to that!  
What is that awful noise  
All around and over us?  
E'en shakes the building;  
Sounds that would wake the dead  
Grow louder overhead;  
Something has happened, dread."  
Pupils were saying.

Still as death, still as death,  
Calmly they sat and cool,  
Wondering what would come next,  
Sat in Alton High School.  
"Find out what's up," they said,  
"Wait not until we are dead."  
But not one upward sped,  
For B. C. explained it.

Pounding to right of us,  
Pounding to left of us,  
Pounding up over us,  
Volleyed and thundered,  
What, though the ceiling fell.  
What, though the pillars shook,  
Not one was heard to yell.  
Teachers all wondered.

"Was there a holiday?"  
"Was there a rest?" you say,  
"Was there a chance to play?"  
Not for a moment.  
Ours not to make reply,  
Ours not to reason why,  
Ours but to sit and sigh,  
Trying to study.

When can that memory fade!  
What an uproar they made!  
The whole city wondered.  
"What an escape!" they say.  
On that eventful day  
Not one in that awful fray  
Among the dead numbered.

M. B., '09.



SECOND YEAR, FIRST SECTION.

## Second Year—First Section.

Colors: Brown and Gold.

### Officers.

President	REX GARY
Vice-President	LULU FELDWISCH
Secretary and Treasurer	HELEN HOLL

Stanley Beck	Elizabeth Johnstone
Elden Betts	Angelica Kaufman
Hattie Bilderbeck	Eva Lavenue
Lovie Blanton	Bertha Lee
Myrtle Boals	Jennie McKee
Sidway Clement	Ruth Moran
James Coleman	Louis Mueller
Mabel Coyle	Verna Nickels
Lulu Feldwisch	Ruby Russell
Theodore Fornhals	Karel Schmoeller
Olefie Fredeking	Pearl Shearlock
Ruth Freeman	Phil Sheridan
Gladys Fuller	Clarence Strubel
Rex Gary	Mary Tryon
Warren Gratian	Elliott F. Taylor
Florence Harris	Elliott S. Taylor
Francis Harris	Victor Volz
Nelson Hawkins	Josephine Waldrip
Emily Hoefert	Willie Weber
Helen Holl	Fred Weld
Edith Hoppe	Cora Wuerker
Paul Jacoby	

## The Sophomore Alphabet.

- A** is for Alphabet,  
Give me a little time,  
To sing about the Sophomore class  
In this, my little rhyme.
- B** is for Bilderbeck,  
Maiden so prim and small,  
But she's as accurate  
As some folks who are tall.
- C** is for Coyle,  
By cadets much admired;  
She dances all night,  
And never gets tired.
- D** is for dollar,  
Which myrtle will make  
By her wonderful playing  
From early till late.
- E** is for Emily,  
Who sings like a lark;  
And whose voice charms boys,  
From daylight 'till dark.
- F** is for Fuller,  
Who, like her namesake,  
Is so brim full of knowledge,  
It makes the earth quake-
- G** is for Gary,  
A lad of good taste;  
He works every moment,  
No time does he waste.
- H** is for Harris,  
Frances by name,  
Not much does she say,  
But she's smart, just the same.
- I** is for Indian,  
And I've heard people say,  
That there's one in our class,  
Who is it, Sidway?
- J** is for Johnstone,  
On foot she is fleet,  
At basket-ball playing  
She is hard to defeat.
- K** is for Kaufman,  
An artistic lass,  
The pink of perfection,  
Of the Sophomore class.
- L** is for Lulu,  
With face bright and gay,  
She is always so cheerful,  
And laughing all day.
- M** is for McKee,  
Who comes from afar;  
A very bright girl,  
But not yet a star.
- N** is for Nelson,  
So brim full of fun,  
That when you get near him,  
You just want to run.



**O** is for Olefie,  
Long, lean, smart and dear.  
And when she makes candy  
We're sure to be near.

**P** is for Paul,  
A young, playful lad;  
When school work is over,  
He's sure to be glad.

**Q** is for queenly,  
This to Helen applies,  
Whose patience and kindness  
No one could dispise.

**R** is for rogue,  
But John Boyle is not one,  
Although he enjoys  
Jokes, laughter, and fun.

**S** is for Strubel,  
You can tell by his looks,  
That magazines please him  
Much better than books.

**T** is for Teddy,  
Who's wild as a bear;  
Cares naught for demerits,  
So gets more than his share.

**U** is for Ulysses,  
Who lived long ago;  
A model for Miller,  
If he'll take it so.

**V** is for Verna,  
With hair galore;  
This same is so striking,  
As ne'er seen before.

**W** is for Waldrip,  
In elocution our pride,  
Her voice, and her gestures,  
No one could deride.

**X** is for xanthic,  
Or Edith Hoppie's bright hair;  
Another such lacking,  
We can't have a pair.

**Y** is for yucca,  
A flower tall and straight,  
That reminds us of Florence,  
Kind, bright, and sedate.

**Z** is for zero,  
A mark not for Wuerker;  
An overdrawn name,  
'Though she's not a shirker.

—CORA WUERKER.



School Begins. Opening Exercises.



Flunked!



Vacation.

FRESHMEN





FIRST YEAR, SECOND SECTION.



FIRST YEAR, SECOND SECTION.

# First Year—Second Section.

Colors: Copenhagen Blue and Dark Red.

## Officers.

President	HERMON COLE
Vice-President	WILLIAM HEARNE
Secretary and Treasurer	HAZEL EATON

Ione Bierman	Walter Levis
Gladys Bockstruck	Carl Luer
John Boyle	Ruby McFarland
Dorothy Browne	Floyd McManus
Catherine Burns	Joseph Mullen
Elizabeth Caldwell	Mary March
Herman Cole	Gustave Martini
Clyde Cummings	Stephen Matthews
Earl Cuthbertson	Gertrude Maul
Myra Dawson	Mary Moll
Helen Didlake	George Mook
Ruth Dorsey	Warren Mullen
Hazel Eaton	George Ott
William Eberhardt	John Ryrie
Wilbur Ellison	Frances Robertson
Elmer Fecht	Irene Ruddy
Anna Feldwisch	Leland Russell
May Foreman	Mildred Rutledge
Albert Girard	Gladys Schneider
Ruth Glassbrenner	Mabel Shearlock
Elith Greene	Marcello Sherwood
Eugene Grosh	Pearl Steele
James Hanna	Margaret Stuart
Mabel Hart	Marjorie Taylor
Carl Hartman	Julia Thorn
Clara Hawkins	Deila Tisius
William Hearne	Irene Tribby
Elinor Hewitt	Carl Volz
Marie Hunter	Edith Ruth Wade
Edwin Jacoby	Ethel Wilson
Gertrude Kelsey	Rosa Winters
Katherine Lee	Rosalie Zaugg
Carl Lenhardt	

## A Freshman Journey.

On a mild September morning our class was startled by a cry of "All Aboard!" shouted by conductor "Cole," so picking up such belongings as Freshmen usually need, we boarded our train arrayed in the most striking colors, scarlet and Copenhagen blue, and sixty-three happy passengers started forth on their long journey. There were several nationalities represented, many Germans, Scotch and a few Irish lads and lassies, and a French-Swede, who is quite a prodigy. Lastly, Jerusalem, not wishing to be left out, sent us one of her descendants; but, unfortunately this maiden became so homesick, that with all of our persuasions we could not induce her to continue the journey with us. We were indeed bereft of a "Rose!"

Our train moved along smoothly most of the time. As we wended our way along by the beautiful "Hudson," we painted flowers and landscapes, with frequent errors. We then enjoyed a pleasant trip through "Carolina."

Suddenly our train paused at a little village where it was going to remain for a short time, and as we felt as if we needed some refreshments, we went in quest of a place where such nourishment could be obtained. Just around the corner we found it. We entered and after being quietly seated, we were served by a "Krafty" little fellow, with eggs, moulded bread and liver. None of these eatables were very appetizing, but we made no comments. We hastily ate our meal and thanking our host for his kindness, for he proved to be a substantial friend to us, took our leave of him and boarded our train again.

By the next morning, we had traveled far. We could then see the steeples on Westminster Abbey rising high in the sky. Everything was now astir for we expected to remain there for sometime. At last it was reached and with a "fairy guide" to lead us, we followed with open eyes as well as ears, along the corridors gazing in silent admiration upon the tombs of Kings and Queens, until finally we reached Poet's Corner. This was the most touching of all. There were statues erected in memory of two of the world's greatest men, Shakespeare and Addison. While we were thus pondering over the works of these famous personages, our attention was suddenly drawn toward the deep sounds of the organ, as they rolled upward and upward like mighty billows. Then a new inspiration came over us, for as the clouds gradually give place to the sunshine, so the organ softened and made way for the sweet melodies of the choir. But our train now whistled incessantly, and we were forced to leave Westminster and go forward.

Only one mishap befell us. Some of our members received a legal document called a demerit, which accused us of disturbing the peace, by talking too loudly when passing through a certain place, and it was greatly feared that a trial by jury would follow, but we escaped on account of the kindness of the "King," who was an excellent judge, for seeing that we were but children after all, he gave us "pardon full and free."

We are at present moving along rapidly, and even though we are not half-way through our four year's journey, we hope that we shall finally reach our happy destination.

—MAY FOREMAN.

## Jimmie's Chance.



Jimmie Marlowe lighted a cigar for the third time in twenty minutes and gazed gloomily out on the troubled waters of Lake Superior.

"This town is too slow to catch cold in," he was saying to himself. "I wish something would turn up and start things going; the fishing is no good and it's been too windy to row."

He was sitting on the porch of the Hotel Marquette, Marquette, Mich., with his legs crossed and his feet over the banister; his hat was tilted back to allow the cool breeze to play among his curls. Jimmie, in spite of his youth, was a very rich man, being the owner of more than half of the stock in a large railroad; he was also the sole owner of a steamboat manufacturing company. He had never married for the simple reason that he had never found a girl to his taste; this partly explains his wandering life which had lately landed him in his present position.

"Let's see," said he meditatively, "today is Wednesday; the Northwest comes in, and, as she's the biggest boat that stops here, I guess I'll meet her at the dock."

At this juncture, he noticed a thin blue haze out to the east and looking more closely he saw the top part of the fast approaching vessel, and twenty minutes later, as she came alongside the dock, Jimmie, true to his word, was there to meet it. As he stood near the cable watching the Capstan, something white fluttered down and fell at his feet, and picking it up he was surprised to see that it was a finely embroidered handkerchief of foreign make. At first he was much puzzled for there was nothing above but the sky, but suddenly he remembered the wind, and looking toward the steamer he saw a

young girl of about nineteen making frantic efforts to attract his attention.

"Is this yours?" he asked innocently, knowing very well what the answer would be.

She nodded and said, "Hold it a minute, and I'll be down," and a moment later she was standing beside him on the wharf.

"Thanks," she said as he handed it to her reluctantly, for he did not want her to go back so soon, for, to speak frankly, he liked her looks.

She wore a neat sailor suit and a veil, behind which, a pair of bright blue eyes peeped forth, seeming to see through everything. Her mouth was firm and her white teeth shone like pearls when she smiled. Lastly, her hair was of a rich chestnut brown, and this fact was noticed particularly by Jimmie, for he liked brown hair.

"Oh, but it's nice to get off that horrid boat," she said wistfully. "I wish I could take a walk through the town, but I'm afraid I haven't time."

"The boat stays here two hours," he lied hopefully, "I should be delighted to show you the place if you would go with me."

She looked him over critically for a moment, then she said, "You don't look like a cut-throat, and I'd accept your offer if I knew you, but mother would not think of it."

"Here is my card," said Jimmie politely, handing it to her. "I know your name for I saw it on the handkerchief."

"Oh!" she said as she glanced at it, "are you the railroad man they call Jimmie?"

He nodded.

"Then I guess I need not fear to go with you," and off they started.

He showed her all the points of interest and even took her to the statue of Father Marquette at the foot of the breakwater. The two hours passed swiftly, and he was taking her back to the boat, wondering



all the while what she would say when she found the boat gone. When to his surprise and consternation he saw the Northwest still there. After surrendering his charge to her frightened mother, he bade them both good-bye and jamming his hands into his coat pockets, he started sullenly down the wharf.

"What was the matter?" he asked a passing roustabout, jerking his thumb toward the departing steamer.

"Engine broke," grunted the wharfman as he went on about his business.

Three hours later as he was pacing the porch from end to end, his heart gave a great leap, for there, only a few cables' lengths from the light house, was the Northwest again being towed in by a small tug, and Jimmie rightly guessed that her engines had broken a second time. All at once a cry of horror escaped his lips for the big boat lurched side-ways into the shallow water, and before the catastrophe could be checked, crashed into the breakwater. Jimmie by this time was half way down to the dock and running like mad. "They sha'n't not have my chance," he wheezed to himself as he dashed down the dock toward the spot where he had seen a small gasoline launch a day or so before, and by great luck he found that it was still there. Jumping in he started the engine, and a few moments later was alongside the now fast sinking ship, gazing upward at the frightened throng.

He saw only one face, however, and with a shout he attracted her attention. "Go astern!" he screamed, "I'll be there!" By this time the boats were being lowered. "Don't get into one of those!" he yelled frantically perceiving that she was about to do so. "Jump into the water! I'll pick you up!" She hesitated, but just then the boat gave a tip to the side, and she was thrown violently overboard. She had hardly had time to get wet before she was dragged into the launch, and, as the Northwest was nearly gone, he started the boat toward shore, picking up two more people on the way. The beach was lined with frightened spectators, and many a helping hand awaited them.

The girl was crying bitterly, but Jimmie did not get a chance to say anything until they landed.

"Oh! sobbed the girl," mamma isn't here; she got into a boat and started with the rest! What shall I do?"

She had barely finished the last sentence when a pair of arms was thrown around her from behind, and she was encircled in her mother's embrace. She told of her rescue and praised Jimmie very highly for the deed. And Jimmie became very bashful.

If he had only known it, he had an excellent chance to propose, but he did not even think of it until she had gone, and that is why he lived and died a bachelor.

—HERMON COLE.

### To a Dog.

On seeing him led from the assembly room  
April 3, 1908.

Ye, curly, cawrin' frightened beastie,  
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
'Tis sad thou maun awa so soon  
Down the transverse isle;  
I would be prone to educate thee  
In the High School style.

I doubt na whiles but thou might learn  
'Neath the high school discipline stern  
A thousand lessons hard.

'S a difficult task  
But then, thou wad be a learned dog  
What more could thou ask?

But, doggie, thou art na to stay.  
A Freshie leads thee out;  
Thy plans of education sought,  
Have gang a'gley.  
The pupils laugh with glee while thou  
Art led away.

The Board of Education ought  
To gar a law in which is wrought  
A plan for educating dogs,  
And teach them well  
Then they could join the Glee Club's Band  
And help them yell.

Now doggie, thank thy lucky star,  
A Freshie now thy plan doth mar.  
Dogs were never meant to learn,  
So thou art gone  
To tease a cat, or chase a hare  
Or gnaw a bone.

M. E. C.



FIRST YEAR, FIRST SECTION.



FIRST YEAR, FIRST SECTION.

# First Year—First Section.

Colors: Navy Blue and White.

## Officers.

President	PAUL ZERWEHK
Vice-President	LUCIAN TAYLOR
Secretary and Treasurer	BERT BUSSE

Hildegarde Ash	Max Masel
Louise Bailey	Harry Matthews
Tula Baker	Alvina Morgenroth
Harry Beck	Eleanor Nesbit
Grace Beecher	Viola Olson
Harold Belk	Laura Pillsbury
Agnes Bell	Harvey Rundel
Leo Beneze	Mary Adams Ryrie
Grace Bissland	Mildred Scott
Chester Bowen	Edward Stack
Bert Busse	Hilda Stafford
Nina Cartwright	Martha Stanley
Freda Darr	Marie Strunge
Elsie Dawson	Ruth Swettenham
Marie Floss	Lucian Taylor
Lillian Gaddis	Edith Tonsor
Sidney Gaskins	Helen Toole
Arthur Gent	Archa Trabue
Flora Glen	Victor Volz
Ethel Greeling	Vernon Wade
Louise Gregory	George Walker
Ethel Hale	Emma Washington
Lyle Harford	Eugene Webb
Jennie Harlan	Robert Whetzel
Oliver Hemkin	Oscar Weber
Bert Henty	William Weber
Florence Joyce	Myrtle Williams
Laura Kitzmiller	Elmer Yackel
Frieda Koch	Matilda Yager
Florence Laycock.	Russel Yenny
George Lee	Paul Zerwehk.
Evelyn McPherson	

# Nursery Rhymes.

With Apologies  
to Mother Goose.

**F** stands for Freshman. We're not so green.

**R** stands for Ruth, our basket-ball fiend

**E** stands for Elsie so pretty and fair,

**S** stands for Sidney with curly hair,

**H** stands for Helen, not one demerit has she,

**M** stands for Mary, as sweet (?) as can be,

**A** stands for Archa, the size of a fly,

**N** stands for Nina, so timid, and shy?

**C** stands for Chester, so terribly small,

**L** stands for Lillian, to Bert, she is all.

**A** stands for Alvina with that sweet little smile

**S** stands for Stafford, she's a cute (?) little "chile,"

**S** stands for the Sophomores, say, won't it be fine,

When we take their places in nineteen-naught-nine?

HELEN TOOLE.

---

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;  
So she packed them all off to the Alton High School,  
From the very wise scholar right down to the fool.

---

Sing a song of Freshmen,  
My word, we aren't green;  
We are upon my honor,  
The brightest ever seen.

And when the school is over,  
We children shout and sing,  
Are we not a pretty class  
To set before the King?

---

Now, Mary likes boys' scarf pins,  
"Poor fellows, don't you know  
That everywhere that Mary is  
Your pins are sure to go?"

# Music



## Orchestra.



### **First Violin,**

Mr. Richardson,  
Kirk Mook,  
Joseph Degenhardt,  
Dorothy Burns.

### **Second Violin,**

Carl Hartman,  
William Eberhardt,  
Warren Hoffman.

### **Drum,**

Bert Henney.

### **Cello,**

Martin Bristow.

### **Bass Violin,**

Leland Osborne.

### **Piano,**

Myrtle Boals.





BOYS' GLEE CLUB



GIRLS' CHORUS

# Athletics.





FOOT BALL TEAM.

## FOOT-BALL TEAM.

		No. of Games
Left End	Herb	6
Left Tackle	Gill	6
Left Guard	Stowell, Robertson	
Center	Mangan, Smith	2
Right Guard	Rothacher, Bristow	4
Right Tackle	McPike	5
Right End	Coleman, S. Taylor	2
Quarter Back	Hopkins, M. Taylor	5
Left Half Back	Goudie	6
Right Half Back	Allen, Capt.	5
Full Back	Enos	6
Coach, E. C. Watson.		

## Record of Games.

		Score
Sept. 28	Alton vs. Edwardsville, at Edwardsville	28-0
Oct. 5	Alton vs. Central High School 2nds	40-0
Oct. 12	Alton vs. Edwardsville, at Alton	35-5
Oct. 19	Alton vs. Western Military Academy	0-18
Nov. 9	Alton vs. Jacksonville, at Jacksonville	6-12
Nov. 16	Alton vs. Carrollton, at Carrollton	6-21

Total: Alton, 115; Opponents, 56.

## Foot-Ball Season of 1907.

After the season of 1906, which had been anything but a successful one from a football standpoint, nobody expected much from the team of '07. Only four men remained at Old High from former teams and promising new candidates seemed to be very scarce; nevertheless, at the first practice a fairly large "bunch" presented themselves to try for the eleven. The "new men" were not at all new to the game itself, and so from this squad through the efficient coaching of Mr. Watson, a very creditable team was finally turned out. The old men were Capt. Allen, Enos, Goudie, Gill and the new players to gain the coveted positions were Stowell and Coleman, Herb, Bristow, McPike, Robertson, Hopkins, Mangan, Taylor and Smith.

It was known from the first part of the season that, on account of the lightness in weight, the team must rely for a great part on trick plays, forward passes and above all, speed. In Allen, Enos and Goudie we had as fast a set of backs as could be desired, and it would be a hard thing to find three more expert handlers of the forward pass on any high school team. This play especially was developed, the players who used it having acquired great accuracy, were able to negotiate passes at a distance of from thirty to forty yards.

The first game of the season was played against Edwardsville H. S., at Edwardsville, and was more of a try out for the team than anything else. Both teams were about even in regard to weight, but the defensive work of the red and gray was so strong that the opposing team was able to gain the desired ten yards but once. The final score was Alton, 28; Edwardsville, 0. The following Saturday we played Western Military Academy on their grounds and were defeated 18-0. The playing was not as one-sided as the score seems to indicate, Western's goal being threatened time and again by the Alton eleven.

A few days before the next game was played, the team was materially lightened by the retirement of Hopkins who wrenched his leg in practice and developed water on the knee. By this accident he was kept out of the game the rest of the season.

One week after the Western game came Edwardsville, and it was worse than before, this time 37-5. The next game we "ran up against" was Second Central of St. Louis; they were a "husky bunch of fellows" and we looked for a hard tussle and indeed it was one, but "all's well that ends well." The score was something like 40-0 when we got through.

The eleven now took a vacation, and it was three weeks before the next game was played at Jacksonville. Here the team had a good

chance to win, but each side ate such a large dinner that he couldn't play very well and we were defeated 12-6. A week later we played Carrollton High at Carrollton. We were ahead at the end of the first half, but at the beginning of the second half Capt. Allen was hurt and taken from the game, and our opponents won as they pleased. The score was 21-6. As there was not a second game with Jacksonville, this game ended the season.

### Our Mascot.

Here's to the Alton High School maid,  
So true to the school alway;  
Her loyalty will never fade,  
It shines as the light of day.

She comes to every B. B. game,  
Nor has she missed a one;  
In spurring boys to the goal of fame  
She cannot be out done.

She keeps the score and shouts in glee  
To help the boys along,  
She waves her colors so all can see,  
And sings the High School song.

"Hurrah for the Ruby Red and Grey!  
Hurrah for the A. H. S."  
Thanks to her cheers, we've won the day,  
To her we owe success.

So here's to the Alton High School maid,  
We one and all bequeath,  
In token of the part she played,  
Her share of the laurel wreath.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.



## BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

		No. of Games
Right Forward	Johnston	7
Left Forward	Goulie	7
Center	Enos	7
Right Guard	Osborn	7
Left Guard	Hopkins	

Substitutes: Coleman, McPike, S. Taylor, M. Taylor, Beall.

---

## Record of Games.

		Score
Dec. 7	Alton vs. Bunker Hill, at Alton	28-17
Dec. 21	Alton vs. N. S. Presbyterians, at Alton	43-17
Dec. 28	Alton vs. Alumni	50-28
Feb. 12	Alton vs. Humphrey A. C., at Alton	50-20
Feb. 19	Alton vs. Hartford A. C., at Alton	27-13
Feb. 22	Alton vs. Bunker Hill, at Bunker Hill	28-12
Apr. 1	Alton vs. Y. M. C. A., at Y. M. C. A.	26-10

Total: Alton, 252; Opponents, 117.

# Resume of Boys' Basket Ball

For the Season of 1907-08.

The first of the basket-ball season was spent in a general trying out of all the players. The line-up for the first game was made up as follows: Johnston, right forward; Goudie, left forward; Enos, centre; Osborn, right guard; Coleman, left guard; Taylor, substitute.

Enos was right forward last year but took Paul's place this year and played a star game too, being the very center of the team. Coleman played in Prince's place and Osborn in Gillham's.

The prospects of a good team this year were rather gloomy at first, for the only one left of the fast team of last year was Enos. The guards of the first line-up were not inclined to stay with their men, the way they ought, but did well considering that their only experience was in practice and on last year's second team. After a few weeks, Hopkins took Coleman's place and came out in fine form. Osborn and he played well together after the former had gained a little experience and seldom, if ever, were both of them away from their forwards at the same time.

Five "A's." were presented, one to each player of the final team as is the custom. The prospects for a fast team for '08-'09 seem to be very good. Enos, Goudie and Taylor will graduate this year, but there is good material to be worked up in Bristow, Coleman, Beall, S. Taylor, McPike and others, and it ought not be hard to find two, who, with the three men left from this year's team would make a fast team for Old High.

The players of the team have a manner of passing the ball which completely bewilders the opposing players. A twist and jerk completely disposes of the ball. They take the ball from one end of the field to the other with a series of short, jerky passes, without a player on the opposite side touching the ball. The team-work of the whole team was very good. Enos could get the knock-off almost continually in every game, and once the forwards had possession of the ball, it traveled swiftly from one player to another and a field-goal was generally the result. The team always came back strong in the second half, due mostly to incessant practising after school and Friday nights when everyone received a good share of hard knocks.

During last year's season and this season also, in which a total of twenty-six games was played, Alton has won every game, a record certainly to be proud of. May it be kept up next year and in years to come.

At present there is a bright outlook for the season of 1908. Altho six regulars will be lost to the team by graduation, the remaining men will be older and more experienced, and new players may enter school at any time before next September. On the whole, a very good team may be looked for. Let everyone turn out and help Old High!

## Wearers of the "A."

A new custom was introduced into the High School this year whereby 'A's' are to be presented to all athletes making the first teams in Basketball, Football and Track, provided they participate in a specified number of regular games. This plan is followed by a great many schools and is, no doubt, a very good way to show that the efforts of the athletes, in behalf of the school, are appreciated. The following players received the High School emblem for the season of 1907.

### WEARERS



### Football.

Stanley Allen, Capt. and R. H. B.  
Harry Goudie, L. H. B.  
Marcus Taylor, Q. B.  
Herbert Gill, L. T.  
Frank Stowell, L. G.  
Joseph Mangan, C.  
Martin Bristow, R. G.  
Louis Enos, F. B.  
Harry Herb, L. E.  
Alex Robertson, L. G.  
James Coleman, R. G.  
Walter Smith, C.  
Fred McPike, R. T.

### Basket-Ball.

Louis Enos, Capt. and C  
Harry Goudie, L. F.  
Kendall Hopkins, L. G.  
Harry Johnston, R. F.  
Leland Osborne, R. G.

These boys were given their "A's" from the Assembly Room platform, by Coach Watson, in the presence of the whole school. As their names were called, they stepped forward to the platform and storms of applause. The following morning the majority of the above named heroes came to school with their hands in their pants pockets, displaying a large red "A" upon the breast of a sweater. They looked proud, and justly so, for they alone are allowed to wear the High School symbol.





GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

## GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Right Forward	Imo Gillham
Left Forward	Nellie McCrea, Kathaleen Heskett
Center	Dorothy Blair, Hallie May Logan
Left Guard	Philomene Marum
Right Guard	Nettie Roseberry, Capt.

Substitutes: Emily Hoppe.

## Record of Games.

Jan. 15	Alton vs. Upper Alton, at Upper Alton.	33-2
Feb. 8	Alton vs. Bunker Hill, at Alton.	1-73
Feb. 19	Alton vs. Upper Alton, at Alton	17-5

## A Review of the Girls' Basket Ball Season of 1908.

With the exception of a few class games, March first saw the close of the most successful basket ball season the Girl's Team has ever had, for it consisted of an unsullied record of victories. To be sure, three outside games were the limit of our schedule for 1908, but that was not the team's fault.

At the beginning of the season, when requested to report for practice, the presence of five of last year's girls made the prospects for a winning team very bright, and with so many others reporting there seemed a certainty that A. H. S. would have no cause to be ashamed of her Girls' Basket Ball Team of 1908.

Finally, it was decided that Nellie, Imo, Grace, Dorothy, Nettie, Kathaleen and Philomene should represent us at our first game which was with Upper Alton High Girls. At the eleventh hour, Imo and Dorothy, owing to parental objections, were compelled to withdraw. "Oh fudge! who will take their places?" was the cry, but with two girls like Grace and Philomene to step into their places, we felt nearly, if not quite as strong as ever. Thus fortified we journeyed to Upper Alton on the night of our battle. The enemy received us with open arms (?), and tried in every way to make us feel at our ease probably because they felt sorry to beat us in our crippled condition. Time was called at eight o'clock, and, when the whistle had blown for the last time, and the dirt had been washed from the score book, also from our faces, we could see that the score was 33-2 in favor of our team. Hurrah for A. H. S.! Nelle was certainly the star of the game and was nobly assisted by the other four members.

At this time it would not be out of place to state that our success was due largely to the efficient coaching of Mr. Watson, who in his eagerness for a winning team often joined in our practice games just to show us how it should be done.

For some time after this our efforts to procure games were unsuccessful until we were almost sorry we had won from Upper Alton. But, finally, we succeeded in inducing the Bunker Hill Girl's Team to allow us to show them some of the fine points of the game.

The day at last arrived, and the B. H. team was met at the station. To show them that as yet we had no hard feelings toward them we were generous enough to give them a lunch. The game was called at two-thirty, but we soon found that the B. H. team was too far away from home to play as well as usual, for their guards were unable to keep up with our fleet forwards. Score 17-3 in favor of Alton High. The only apology that we could make that the score was not larger was that we all mourned for our star player, Nelle, who, since our game with Upper Alton, had finished her labors in A. H. S. and had departed to seek new worlds to conquer.

There was another long wait between games, as our fame had spread so that we were unable to find any who were willing to allow

themselves to be beaten. After a long time, the Upper Alton Girls, having had a little more practice, thought they could do better so came down to our "Gym." to play. 'Twas the same old story—victory again. Assisted by the terrific rooting of our faithful friends, the boys, we ran up a score of 17-5.

Our only hope is that next year we may have a longer schedule, for the outlook for a first class winning team is almost as good as it was at the close of the season of 1907.

In the class games, the Juniors secured the championship of the girls' games, defeating the teams from the Senior and Sophomore classes.

The girls also received the initial letter of the High School, which was presented in the same way in which the boys received their A's. The only differences in the A's, are in color and style, the girls' being gray and old English while the boys' are red and in the usual style.

This article treats mainly of points of interest that have happened this season, the details could not be adequately written, but, to be appreciated, would have to be experienced.

—ONE OF THEM.



## She Said Her Last Farewell.

Breathes there an athlete with nerve enough to say, "I have no appetite." If there be, let him come forth and declare this said fact. Now, honest, aren't our basket-ball boys the hungriest looking set you ever saw? And maybe you remember Miss McCrea, well, she didn't look as if she belonged to that cheese-cracker-pickle-fudge bunch of girls otherwise known as the basket ball girls, did she? Well, anyway, Nelle really thought she needed a journey so she decided to go to West Virginia for a while, and the B. B. girls really thought that she needed a little fattening before she left so they determined to see what they could do for her, verily, a kind and charitable act. The new lunch room proved to be a most suitable place for this so-called spread, but it lacked one essential thing—a light—now even tho Nelle was to bid us good-bye, we preferred to have some means of light by which we could see how much the boys ate. However, we were easily helped out of this difficulty for Imo and Phil, sweetly permitted us to use their Chinese lanterns and Mr. Lorch kindly put in an electric light. Now Margaret concluded that these lights would be a little too strong so she came to the rescue with her Japanese sunshade. This hung over the middle of the table with the much beloved basket-ball suspended from it. The walls were beautifully decorated with pennants and crepe paper, Nettie and Helen showing unusual artistic taste. We congratulated ourselves that our room looked almost perfect by this time, but, when Miss Wempen sent us two dozen red carnations to help beautify the table, we truly thought it absolutely perfect. The reception committee was composed of Dorothy, Grace and Kathaleen, but the task of literally hauling in the bashful boys, fell to Kathaleen. Various amusements were tried, but the one found to be the most successful was that of chewing. The lunch consisted of sandwiches, pickles—fifteen dozen,—potato chips, salted peanuts, fudge, sea foam, and hot coffee, Oh! Joy! Naturally Nelle was the centre of attraction with Fred and Sanford on either side and Mr. Watson and Miss Wempen directly across from her. She received the "message of the violets" very sweetly, and, after lunch, she shyly arose and made a few farewell remarks. These were not made individually, however, so she proceedd to do the personal stunt elsewhere!!!! The guests departed a little after ten, all professing to have spent a most delightful evening with the fair-child. Nelle departed homeward from the dear old school, for the last time, with the melodious voice of Mr. Watson calling after her, "So-long, Mary," etc.

—K. C. H., '08.



# PRELIMINARY TRACK MEET WITH BUNKER HILL.

Number of Points

Events	1st Place	2nd Place	3rd Place	A. H. S.	B. Hill	Record
50 Yards	Goudie	Allen	Castle	8	1	5 3.5 sec.
100 Yards	Allen	Goudie	Paterson	8	1	11 sec.
220 Yards	Allen	Goudie		8	0	26 1.2 sec.
Shot Put	Bristow	Wise	Enos	6	3	34 ft., 5 in.
Hammer Throw	Enos	Herb	Workman	8	1	98 ft., 10 in.
440 Yards	Goudie	Enos	Paterson	8	1	59 sec.
880 Yards	Enos	Wise	Jencks	5	4	
Running Broad Jump	Enos	Allen	Paterson	8	1	18 ft., 4 in.
Running High Jump	Enos	Goudie	Castle	8	1	4 ft., 10 in.
Pole Vault	Enos	Taylor	Edwards	8	1	9 ft.
Standing Broad Jump	Enos	Wise	Castle	5	4	8 ft., 10 in.
Standing High Jump	Castle	Workman	Enos	1	8	4 ft., 3 in.
Hop, Step and Jump	Enos	Allen	Castle	8	1	37 ft., 11 in.
Relay	Allen	Allen	Bunker Hill			
Hurdles	Allen	Jencks	Bunker Hill	5	3	15 sec.

Total: Alton, 94; Bunker Hill, 30.



TRACK TEAM.

## Recent Victories for A. H. S.



Almost too late for the "Tatler," which had already gone to press, came the news of our victory won on Saturday, May 9, at the M. C. H. S. A. meet held in Collinsville. But was it a pennant only? A large, beautiful silver cup, awarded for the relay race, was also won. How we hurried to school Monday to see the pennant hanging in its old familiar place! But no, it was not there! To our dismay, we learned that because Granite City was still dissatisfied with the outcome of the meet, a meeting would have to be held that evening to decide. The results, you ask? Why of course we won, and came home the proud owners of not only pennant and cup, but also medals, gold, silver and bronze. With much exultation the medals were given to their rightful owners and the cup was shown to the school.

Some very loyal students, I regret that I cannot mention their names, hid the pennant on the night of the meeting so that Alton could not possibly give it up. However, after the report of the meeting had been announced the pennant was soon forthcoming. Amid a din of "Oskiwow-wow's" and "Bully for Alton High" it was hung on the table, just beneath the cup in full view of all. From this position, it was removed to its former place on the wall. Long may it remain there!

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On May 15 at the State meet at Champaign, Ill., Lewis Enos won the State championship in pole vaulting, eleven feet being the highest record yet made. Another victory for Old High.



## Jest Fer Phun.

---

"If aught of what you read below  
Should stir your anger, hurt your pride,  
Be wise, and learn what you should know—  
We mean to aid, not to deride.

Unlucky he whom duty calls,  
To serve upon a "roasts" committee;  
'Tis not the victim of the pen,  
But he who writes deserves the pity."

---



### The Warblers.

From whence doth come these lingering notes  
Borne lightly on the breeze?  
None but the Glee Club's marvelous throats  
Can sound such strains as these!

Their brows uplifted, mouths stretched wide,  
The warblers start on E;  
They're lucky if they land on F  
For it's more often G.

## Clubs.



## Sons of Rest.

Motto, "Vnction."

**Favorite Quotation:**

## "Much Study Is a Weariness to the Flesh."

Rester-in-Chief . . . . . Do Little Mullen

First Assistant . . . Sleepy Head Calame

Second Assistant . . . . . Take it Easy Clements

### Constant Loafer Wells

## Sole Repose Goudie

## Easy Go Lucky Enos

## Unconcerned Walters

## Weary Willie Weber

## Limit Club.

Motto: "We Strive to be the Limit."

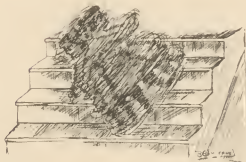
### Members.

Florence Dawson, *Walk*.  
Harold Curdie, *Length*.  
Harry Johnston, *Vocabulary*.  
Marie Hunter, *Flirting*.  
Helen Toole, *Behavior*.  
Bertha Fiegenbaum, *Writing Poetry*.  
Katherine Burns, *Weight*.  
Edith Browne, *Brilliancy*.

## Kandy Kids.

### Members.

Fred Weld.	Stephen Matthews.
Elliot F. Taylor.	Lucian Taylor.
Nelson Schweppe.	William Pace.
Harvey Harris.	George Thomas.



A Freshman Making a New Use of the Stairs.

## A Meeting of the R. R. O. Club.

One more privilege (?) has lately been added to the many already offered us at the High School, namely—Parliamentary Practice! It is a most interesting and peculiar "practice," and seems to be founded principally on "Roberts' Revised Rules of Order." It is used at all business meetings which are properly conducted and is composed of much "red tape."

You recognize it at the very first of a meeting, when the president instead of clapping his hands and roaring, "Stop that talking," taps on the desk with a "Parliamentary" mallet and says in a "Parliamentary" voice: "The meeting will come to order." The *please*, let me explain, is merely a part of the "red tape" and is not meant in the least as the "Sergeant at arms" will soon have you understand.

Next, the president announces that "the minutes of the last meeting will be read." You will notice that he does not nudge the secretary under the table, and tell him to "go on," but stands up *himself*, and makes his remark, all of which takes much longer and produces the same result as nudging the secretary. But this is Parliamentary Practice, and Parliamentary Practice, has no respect for time.

The president announces in a solemn voice, peculiar to "Roberts' Revised Rules of Order," that the secretary "will now call the roll." While you are waiting for your name you try to decide whether to answer "here" or "present" and whether to speak in a commanding tone or in a modest one. Usually the "here" and the "present" become hopelessly mixed and your voice either bellows or squeaks, whichever you least expect. After the roll is called, the list of the victims who escaped the last meeting is read, and you thank your stars that you had strength of mind enough to decline that invitation, and so escape having your name read.

And now comes the question on hand. Perhaps it is "Shall the High School have an extra holiday every six years?" or something equally momentous. The motion is made—then a pause—it is seconded—(pause)—Remarks are called for. Several remarks are timidly made, but you do not hear them, for you are thinking, thinking. Surely it might be harmful to have a holiday so often; surely, one every seven years would be enough! You feel most strongly about it, but oh how, oh how, can you say it! Your knees shake at the thought! The president is absent. How will you address the vice-president, who is a girl? Will you say, "Mr. female



President," or "Miss Vice-president." Mercy, if ~~you~~ should get the titles mixed! How awful!!!—Suddenly a bright idea seizes you! "Roberts' Revised Rules of Order," of course! But again you are at a loss. Roberts' Revised Rules of Order provides only for male vice-presidents! Then you decide to drop the prefix altogether and say simply, "President;" certainly that must do.

Now you have your speech all ready and stiffening your back-bone and clenching your fists, you pop up like a "Jack in the Box" and, without waiting to see what is going on, you sputter: "Mr. President, (blush) I think a holiday every six years is *too* often. I move it be every *seven*." "That motion," comes in measured syllables, from the "chair," "has been voted upon and carried. We are now voting upon adjournment. All in favor, please rise!" *Stung!!!!*

### Geometry Propositions.

1. All assembly rooms are the same assembly rooms.
2. Teachers in the same room, and on the same floor, are equal in authority to give demerits, but not in the manner of giving them
3. The principal of a high school is a parallelogram; an oblong, angular figure which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.
4. A demerit may be produced any number of times.
5. An A. H. S. teacher may be induced to cancel a demerit by a series of propositions.
6. A bee line may be made from the assembly room to the office.
7. Any two recitations in English are together less than are square recitation.



## A Conundrum.

Glancing through a previous Tale,  
A preacher spied one night,  
A sweet and smiling countenance,  
Each pupil's heart's delight.

It was a picture of B. C.  
Our dear friend and teacher.  
"He is indeed a noble man!"  
Said to us the preacher.

"Glad Christmas time is drawing near,  
Now you just keep in mind,  
You ought to him a present give,  
The best that you can find."

"I should suggest a useful thing,"  
The reverent man did say.  
"Tis something you could never guess,  
Which you would lay away."

"Give us a hint," the maidens pled.  
"All right, I shall," said he.  
"The word begins with W,  
Now tell, what might it be?"

Each damsel pondered for awhile,  
As is to save her life.  
Then one young maid spoke up and said,  
You surely mean a wife."

"Ha! Ha!" the good old preacher laughed,  
"Unfortunately that's true.  
Now I was thinking of a wig,  
But your reply will do."



Take Lessons from a Senior.

## Important Sale.

**NEW AND INTERESTING PUBLICATIONS; CALL  
AT A. H. S. TO EXAMINE THEM.**

### Popular Music.

Smile and Be Merry .....	<i>Lorena Bauer</i>
Every Little Bit Helps .....	<i>Archa Trabue</i>
Cheerful Chinaman .....	<i>Fred McPike</i>
Dearie .....	<i>Mildred Gwinner</i>
I'm Livin' Easy .....	<i>Victor Volz</i>
Teasing .....	<i>Edward Juttemeyer</i>
I'm a Shy Little Innocent Thing .....	<i>Kathryn Hannahan</i>
Don't Wake Him, Let Him Dream .....	<i>Phil Sheridan</i>
The Sweetest Story Ever Told, (Duet) .....	{ <i>Bert Henney</i> <i>Lillian Gaddis</i>
Bonnie Sweet Bessie .....	<i>Elizabeth Johnstone</i>
Barn Dance Gallop, (Duet) .....	{ <i>Ione Bierman</i> <i>Hazel Eaton</i>
Oh, I Don't Know .....	<i>Lewis Calame</i>
I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise .....	<i>Hermon Cole</i>
Home Sweet Home .....	<i>Mr. Kraft</i>
The Girl I Left Behind Me .....	<i>Mr. King</i>

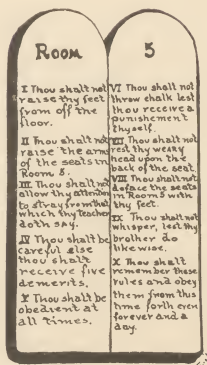
### A Hand-Book of Familiar Quotations.

- B. C. Richardson: Just dispence with that, girls.  
 E. L. King: Look it up.  
 B. W. Ferguson: I shall give you a demerit mark.  
 C. G. Rich: I can't say it all over again.  
 H. A. Naylor: Take for example the Union Bank.  
 J. Gilmore: I shall hold you responsible—  
 E. C. Watson: How many never got it.  
 J! H. Kraft: All right, then.  
 E. McCarthy: Now we will have no small outbursts of temper.  
 M. M. Boals: Now, girls.  
 C. M. Wempen: Report to me at 3:30.  
 L. T. Burnap: Let's have no more of that.  
 S. A. Hudson: Pass up stairs.

These few extracts show the character of the book.

## Recent High School Publications.

Three Years a Freshman	Warren Mullen
How to See the Funny Side of Things	Tilton Wead
The Value of Basket Ball	Kathaleen Heskett
How to Cultivate Repose of Manner	Earl Cathbertson
Lessons in Smiling	Kirk Mook
Confessions of a Society Man	Nelson Schweppe
The Advantages of Solitude	Elliott S. Taylor



Name	Symptom	Disease	Treatment
Thomas Stanton	Fondness for noise	Infantile dementia	Three sittings-on a day
Louis Enos	Not enough knowledge	Flunkism	More study
Frieda Perrin	Too much knowledge	Sharkism	Less study
Stanley Allen	Unnatural dislike for frivolities	Getting old before his time	The kindergarten
Walter Levis	Doing nothing	Smiling	Be removed from Hazel
Harold Curdie	Tendency to rebel against the law	Bummism	A week of school
Bessie Green	Style of walk	Gaitism	A new walk
Marguerite Buck	Giggling	Gigleitis	A funeral march
Vivian Rice	Falling out of her seat	Dropsy	Be sent to the assembly room

### We Wonder Why

Miss Burnap resigned.

Miss McCarthy visits Western so frequently.

Mr. King and Mr. Watson participate so enthusiastically in the morning exercises.

Jacob Lipsky to Mr. King: "What is a scheeny?"

### A Pedagogue.

In Freshman Eng. Class, W. E. (earnestly): "Miss Gilmore, does a pedagogue have four legs?"

Miss F.: "John, your articulation is most intolerably and most absurdly inaccurate!"

"As Others Saw Me." W. S.



THE publishers of the "Tatler" respectfully call your attention to the following advertisers to whom they are in a measure, indebted for the success of this book.

## Moving Pictures.

"Coming! Don't miss it!" Professor Hull will give an extended lecture, assisted by Professor Nutter with stereographic views collected in their tours at "The Lyric," Friday, March 13, 1915. Seats on sale, 10, 20, and 30 cts.

Two weeks after the appearance of these posters, on Friday, March 13, at 8:15, I took my seat in the Lyric. A great crowd had gathered there as this particular lecture promised to be of much interest to Altonians. Upon my entrance in the rear of the auditorium I notice a man tinkering with a moving picture apparatus who, upon close inspection, I found to be Victor Nutter. A tall, stately man stood by giving orders. Imagine my surprise to behold Lee Hull, who, after a few moments conversation, gave me some idea of what the lecture would consist.

Promptly at 8:20 the first picture was shown. It was a street scene with a hospital in the foreground. An automobile hurried down the street, stopped in front of the hospital and a young man alighted. Who is he? Upon my word Louis Enos! Reaching the door he was met by a dainty? ? ? blond? ? nurse. The face certainly looked familiar.

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### Some Definitions.

SENIOR. One who rides a pony in the race for sheepskins.

JUNIOR. One who knows it all and tries to teach the faculty.

SOPHOMORE. A wise person, one of nature's noblemen.

FLUNK. A process of changing from a four to a five year's course.

---

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but—the hair—well! she was Eathryn Hanahan anyway. Walking hurriedly past the hospital was a young lady who attracted my attention. Her street costume was indeed strange, the sleeves of her waist being simply a puff of goods which came midway between the elbow and shoulder. And who was this but Bessie Green? Close behind Bessie was Anna Raith wearing French heels, false puffs, Bessie's latest style of sleeves and leading an innocent little Fox terrier at the end of an exceedingly long chain.

The next picture was a spicuous room ornamented with numerous large bird cages, in each of which were to be seen birds of different varieties. The door of the establishment opened and two well dressed ladies entered. Upon their arrival the keeper came forward and spoke to them. From their earnest conversation and gestures I was easily able to convince myself that they were the owners of the establishment. Who were they? I could not recognize them, but by the signs that were visible, "Gallagher and Elble," I knew that it must be Margaret and Nettie.

Just then the machine broke; a look of disappointment came over each face as the audience was greatly interested. Instantly a young



man stepped from among us, he certainly looked familiar. The moment he spoke to Victor, I knew that it was Wilmot, for he was showing them HOW, and with his assistance the machine was soon in working order.

When the light flashed on again it brought before us another picture. A crowd was standing around a platform on which a man was walking up and down gesticulating, and very much in earnest. I recognized the orator as Harry Goudie, and Prof. Hull informed us that he was a renowned speaker on "Woman's Suffrage."

It was now dark. The stars were shining and a group of people were taking notes—perhaps for Astronomy. Thomas Stanton, Emily Hoppe, and Pauline Tonsor were the first to be recognized. But who were those two people standing away from the group? They seemed to be very much interested in what they were doing and did not notice that the party had moved on. I watched very closely and finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, it was Herbert Gill and Lulu Coyle.

We were then given a scene from the sensational drama "Deserted at the Altar." Hysterically rushing in upon the stage, the hero in

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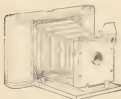
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J. H. BOOTH, The Leading Jeweler

grabbed the net veil from her golden tresses, raised her hands to her temples and fell over in a dead faint. It was evident that this was Nina Gaskins. The minister with his consoling manner, was Henry Harms. The chorus then came to the front and I easily saw that Gerie Temme, Nellie Green and Florence Dawson were prominent figures.

This picture was succeeded by another. Who is the man? Harry Kuhn!! and the girl? Celine Webb!! This *must* be leap year for she certainly is proposing. Opposite them is another couple, Alex Robertson and Mamie Nixon. Why those eyes? "Now" Mamie's engagement is made clear to everyone.

The next picture was the interior of a hair dressing establishment, a modern up-to-date place. The owners had the patronage of the wealthiest people of Alton, and seemed to be noted for giving the latest styles, and the best service. I could see a room where a young lady was just having her hair marcelled by one of the owners, Helen Chapman. The hair being finished she passed into another room

where her nails were manicured by Nellie McCrea. Who could this neat and striking young lady be, but Marie Lamer?

As this picture vanished, another one appeared. Professor Hull addressed the audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen, this picture shows you the new telephone exchange in New York, which surpasses the old system in every way. It will be interesting to know that Dick Sparks, a former resident of Alton, has endowed the company with the necessary funds to establish it (...breath! !...more breath!) This as you will see is the switch board. It was not necessary to say more for I knew it was no one but Dorothy Blair, and Frieda Perrin who were acting as operators, with Jacob Lipsky as overseer.

Next a magnificent castle was thrown on the screen. It stood in the distance, and a large drive led to the main entrance. On the veranda stood Count and Countess Bilkeryetzkern nee Blanche Cartwright. Nearby was their friend, Grace Shelton.

Now a kind garden appeared. Sedately walking up and down as if on patrol was Lorena Bauer. The children were busy at work when the door opened, and a young lady with a music roll entered. She

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---

unrolled it and after a few moments talk with the children started beating time and singing, as she, Minnie Vogel, was always able to do.

This picture soon passed from our view and the next a dancing hall, was shown. In it was the dancing master, Stanley Allen, endeavoring to teach Amelia Obermueler and Mildred Gwinner the "light fantastic," while ecstatic strains of music were rolling forth under the skilled fingers of the noted pianist, Lillian Hazejon.

Once more Prof. Hull stepped forth: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this, our last picture now brings you into the heart of China where it will be interesting to know that two young ladies of Alton, the Misses Lillian and Vivian Rice are doing missionary work, and Misses Lela Witt and Vesta Bauer are teaching the natives domestic science. Before going I should like to announce to you that the machine which we have used this evening is an invention of Harry B. Herb. I thank you for your kind attention and hope that this evening's entertainment has been of much interest."

I then left the building and walked down Second St. where near Market St. I passed a lunch stand, and, on seeing the familiar face of Marcus Taylor, I stopped to patronize him.

**Found, on April 13th, in A. H. S. Building, the following  
Freshman Theme.**

### **A BIOGERPHY OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.**

Wunst, an awful long time ago, a lot of folks came over to Amarika in the Mayflower an' sum other ships. They'd had a split-up with the king 'cuz he wuz most as bad, 'bout lettin' 'em do as they pleased, as ther pas an' mas wer when they wuz little chaps, so they wuz mity glad to get across for they new dher wuz nothin, to hinder 'em here, cuz this wuz on'y a grate-big woods an' the indians an' grizzlies didn't care a rap 'bout ther religion an' manners.

The indians wer on the war-path most of the time an' the grizzlies wer on the fly. The indians cud dig up a hatchet with the same ese a dog can dig up a bone, an' they painted lik sixty tho I never herd of 'em powderin'. They wer a funny lot an' as savage as they mak 'em an' wor a lot of cock-tails in ther hair.

Thes here folks from England turned into Quakers an' wor gray clothes an' a ugly scowl an' never said nothin' to nobody.

---

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William Harthorne wuz in this bunch. He wuz the grate gran'-father or semethin' of the poet's an' his sun wuz a jube in the witch trials of Massachusetts. The witches wuz skinny an' ugly an' wor peek hats an' rode on brooms, an' when they hung 'em, they tied 'em up by the toes till ther faces wuz black an' ther eyes bugged; an'then ther haunted spirits hung 'round the corners to scare folks in the dark. Thes wuz mity 'xcitin' times most as 'xcitin' as when Huckleberry Fin an' his pa's tok a solm oath, an' stuck 'emselves with pins, an' wrot ther names in b-l-o-o-d.

Well, anyhow, Nathan'l Harthorne wuz born considerb'le after this in Salum 'midst the sputter of fire-crackers, boom of canons, an' roar of skyrocketes. An' he wuz very patreeotic ever after'ards.

When Nat. wuz a kid he never liked study an' he snuck off from school whenever he cud, an' went swimmin' with the fellers, an' et green appl's an' played craps, an' folks said he wuzn't no good so his ma sent him to his uncle's farm wher he had a gay lark.

An' wunst he slipped in church an' put sum ink in the holy-water, an' when evrybody looked at evrybody else they wuz horrified to see 'em spotted with blak.

But he wuz sum better when he grew up an' he wuz so awful  
\* good-lookin' that on leaps-yere he had ter kepe a secretery jus' ter  
anser his perpozals.

He new he had ter luk out fer himself so he thot he'd writ potry  
for a livin' as it was nice an' gurlish an' he'd always felt he wuz a born  
poet. So he wrot sum verses an' as trey wuz published he wuz so  
vane over it, he ask'd an artist that painted pitchers to marie him an' she  
did an' they say she showed him a better time 'un he'd ever had. Which  
must 'uve been goin' sum as he wuz considerble of a sport.

Well, anyway, his pomes wuzn't so 'ornery, I gess, cuz he wus  
able to go abrod, but his health give out, so he cam home agin an'  
went to Plymoth wher he dide May 19, 1864 with sum friends.

He wuz berried ner sum inteligent men lik Emerson an' Thero.  
As fur as I no this is all he did.

### Whisper Period.

E. J. to C. W., in early September:

"Do you have a whisper period every day?"

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"Sleep Baby Sleep." Dick Sparks.

"That Walk." Raymond Buck.

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## The Last Will and Testament of the '09 Tatler Board.



**Know All Men.** That I, the "'09 Tatler Board" of the city of Alton, in the county of Madison and the state of Illinois, considering the uncertainty of this life and being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, declare and publish this my last will and testament.

**First.** I authorize the executors hereinafter named to pay all just debts and funeral expenses as soon after my demise as conveniently may be.

**Second.** After such debts and funeral expenses have been settled, I bequeath to the "'10 Tatler Board" my personal effects, to-wit: The hair-splitting jokes and soul-stirring poetry that are left over, my unpaid debts, much wasted energy, many sleepless nights, several volumes entitled "How Not to Do It," the advertisements that I was unable to get, the Business Managers' soleless shoes, and also many pleasant memories and best wishes.

The residue is to be used in building a summer home for worn out members of the "Tatler Board."

**Third.** I give, devise and bequeath to all the members of the High School the task of finding the point to my jokes; the advice that all future "Boards" be appointed earlier in the year so that they may be spared from such a death, and the knowledge that of all the evils under the sun the worst is to serve on the "Tatler Board."

**Fourth.** I do nominate and appoint the "'10 Tatler Board" to be executors of this my last will and testament.

In testimony whereof I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my seal.

"'09 TATLER BOARD."













